

A.N.C.

# JUMBO COMICS

10¢



No. 109  
MARCH



**SHEENA.**  
JUNGLE QUEEN, IN  
"The PYGMY'S  
HISS IS POISON!"



# The Big

# OF THE COMICS!

**EACH ONE A WINNER...  
JAM-PACKED WITH  
FAST ACTION AND  
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!**

ON SALE-25<sup>TH</sup>



ON SALE-25<sup>TH</sup>



ON SALE-1<sup>ST</sup>



**Why  
Guess?  
Get the  
beat!**

**Jungle  
COMICS**



ON SALE-1<sup>ST</sup>

ON SALE-5<sup>TH</sup>

**RANGERS  
COMICS**



**PLANET  
COMICS**



ON SALE-10<sup>TH</sup>

**LOOK FOR THE  
BULL'S-EYE!**



A  
FICTION  
HOUSE  
MAGAZINE

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BY  
W. MORGAN  
THOMAS

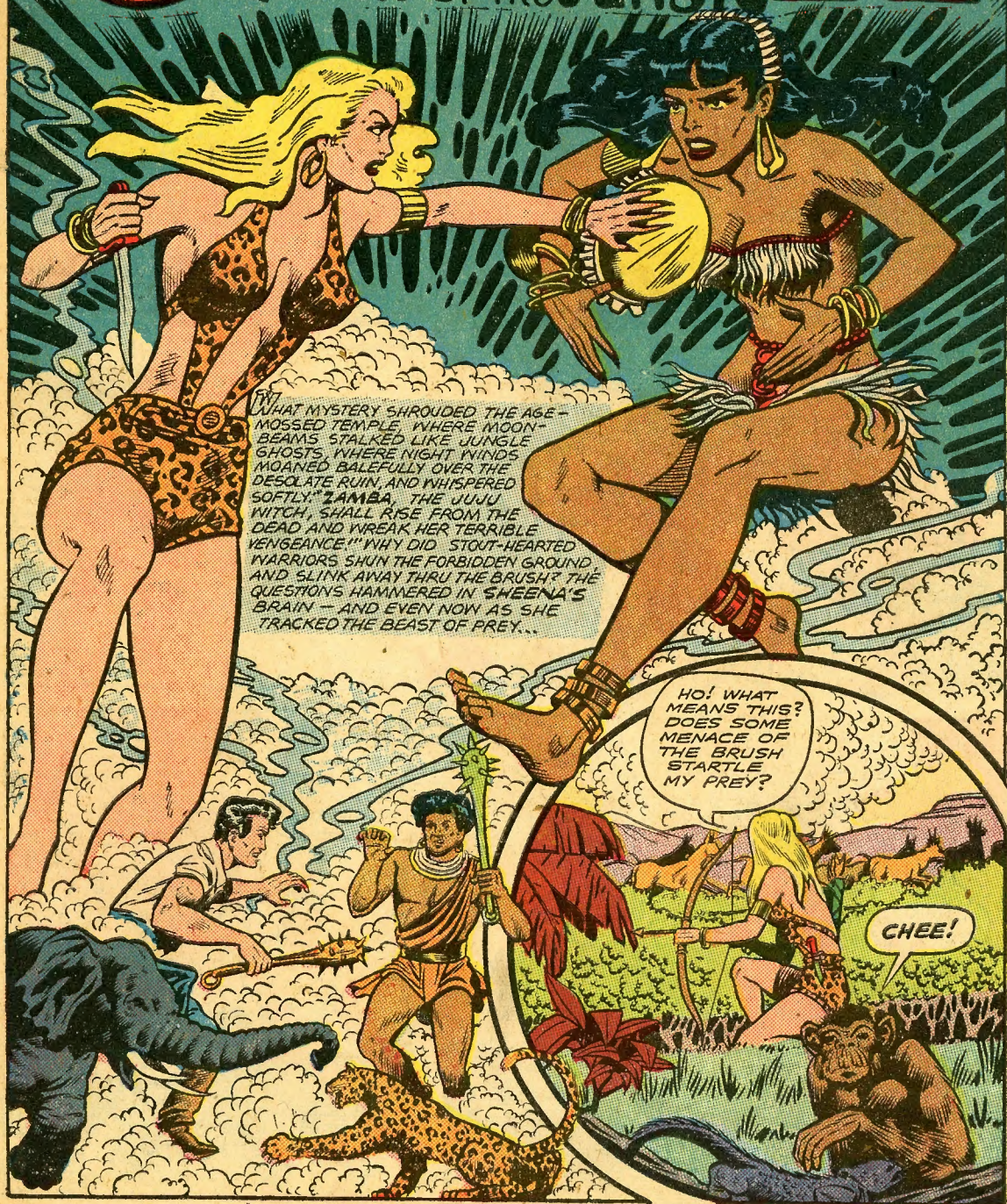
# SHEENA

## Queen of the Jungle

WHAT MYSTERY SHROUDED THE AGE-MOSSED TEMPLE, WHERE MOON-BEAMS STALKED LIKE JUNGLE GHOSTS, WHERE NIGHT WINDS MOANED BALEFULLY OVER THE DESOLATE RUIN, AND WHISPERED SOFTLY, "ZAMBA, THE JUJU WITCH, SHALL RISE FROM THE DEAD AND WREAK HER TERRIBLE VENGEANCE." WHY DID STOUT-HEARTED WARRIORS SHUN THE FORBIDDEN GROUND AND SLINK AWAY THRU THE BRUSH? THE QUESTIONS HAMMERED IN SHEENA'S BRAIN — AND EVEN NOW AS SHE TRACKED THE BEAST OF PREY...

HO! WHAT MEANS THIS? DOES SOME MENACE OF THE BRUSH STARTLE MY PREY?

CHEE!







HARK—  
THOSE  
SOUNDS!

LEOPARD CUBS!  
NAY! PYGMY  
BEASTS! WHAT  
MANNER OF  
DEVILTRY IS  
THIS?

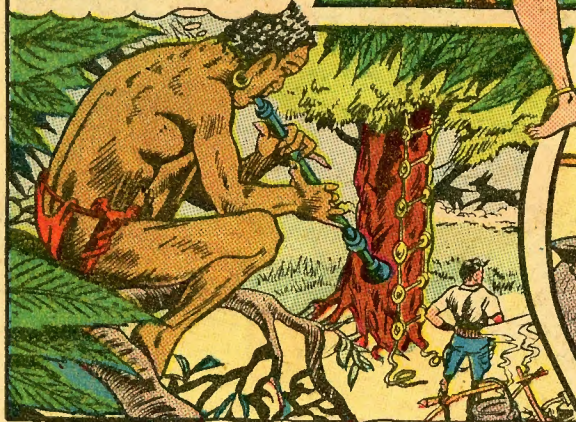
**M**EANWHILE...

WHAT? THOSE ELAND  
STAMPEDING! THAT'S  
STRANGE—WONDER  
IF SHEENA...



**B**UT ABOVE...

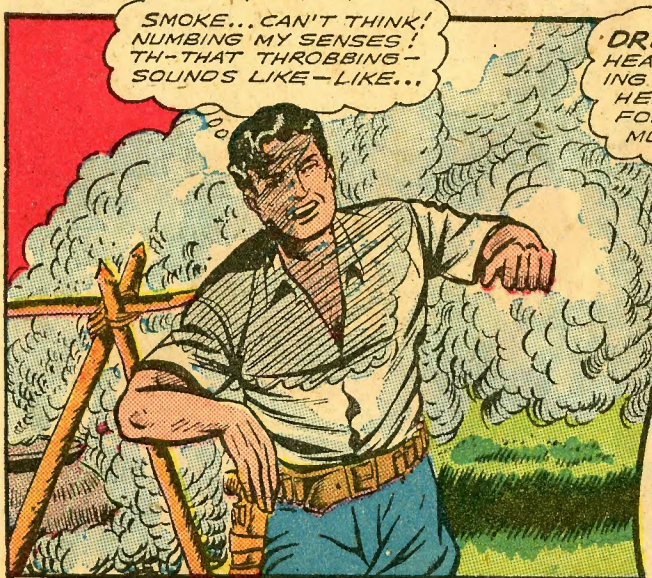
THE DWARF BEASTS HAVE  
DONE THEIR WORK! NOW  
WHILE THE MATE OF  
SHEENA WATCHES...



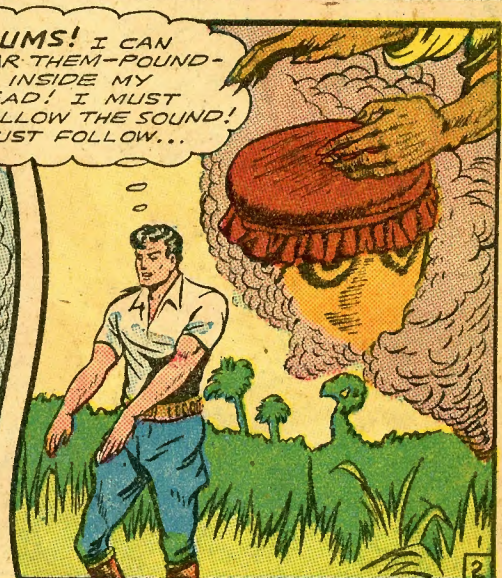
I'D BETTER SEE IF  
SHEENA IS OKAY—WAIT!  
SOUNDED LIKE SOME-  
THING PLOPPED INTO  
THAT KETTLE—STEAM  
STARTING TO RISE...



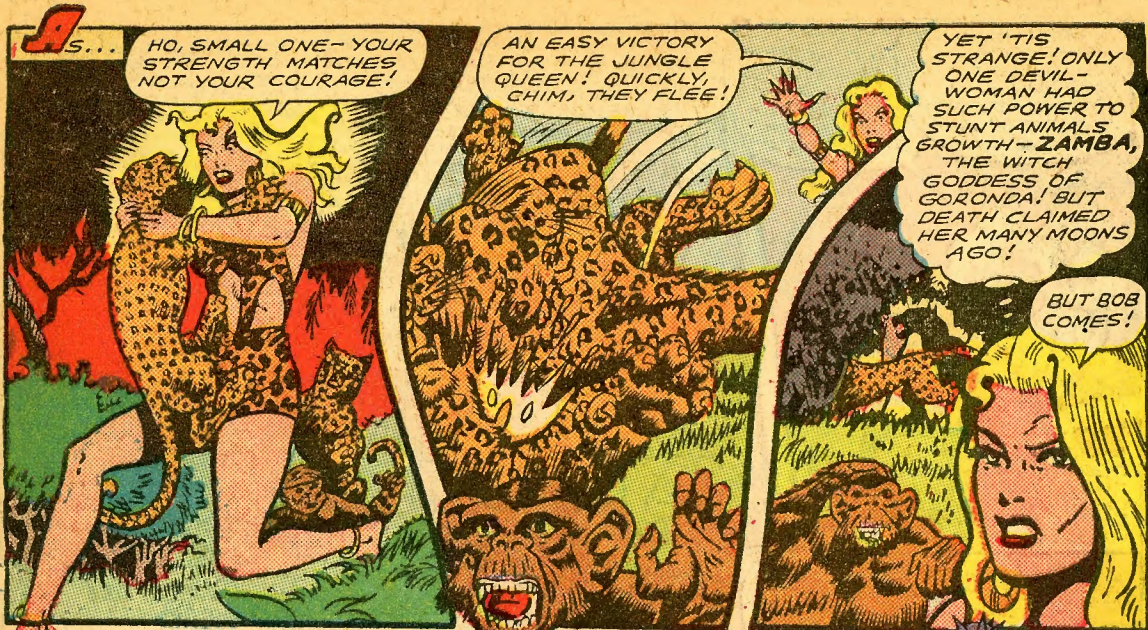
SMOKE... CAN'T THINK!  
NUMBING MY SENSES!  
TH-THAT THROBBING-  
SOUNDS LIKE-LIKE...



DRUMS! I CAN  
HEAR THEM—POUND-  
ING INSIDE MY  
HEAD! I MUST  
FOLLOW THE SOUND!  
MUST FOLLOW...







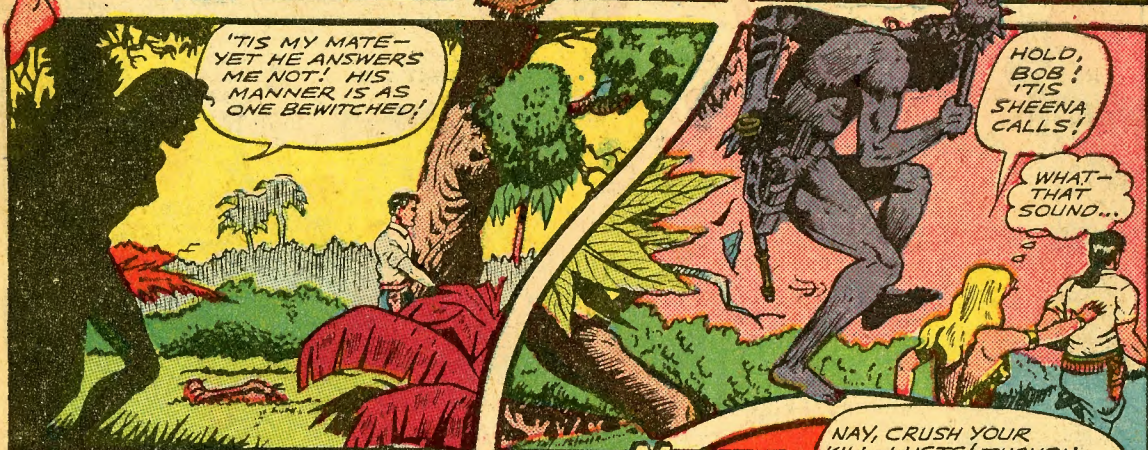
A...

HO, SMALL ONE—YOUR  
STRENGTH MATCHES  
NOT YOUR COURAGE!

AN EASY VICTORY  
FOR THE JUNGLE  
QUEEN! QUICKLY,  
CHIM, THEY FLEE!

YET 'TIS  
STRANGE! ONLY  
ONE DEVIL—  
WOMAN HAD  
SUCH POWER TO  
STUNT ANIMALS  
GROWTH—ZAMBA,  
THE WITCH  
GODDESS OF  
GORONDA! BUT  
DEATH CLAIMED  
HER MANY MOONS  
AGO!

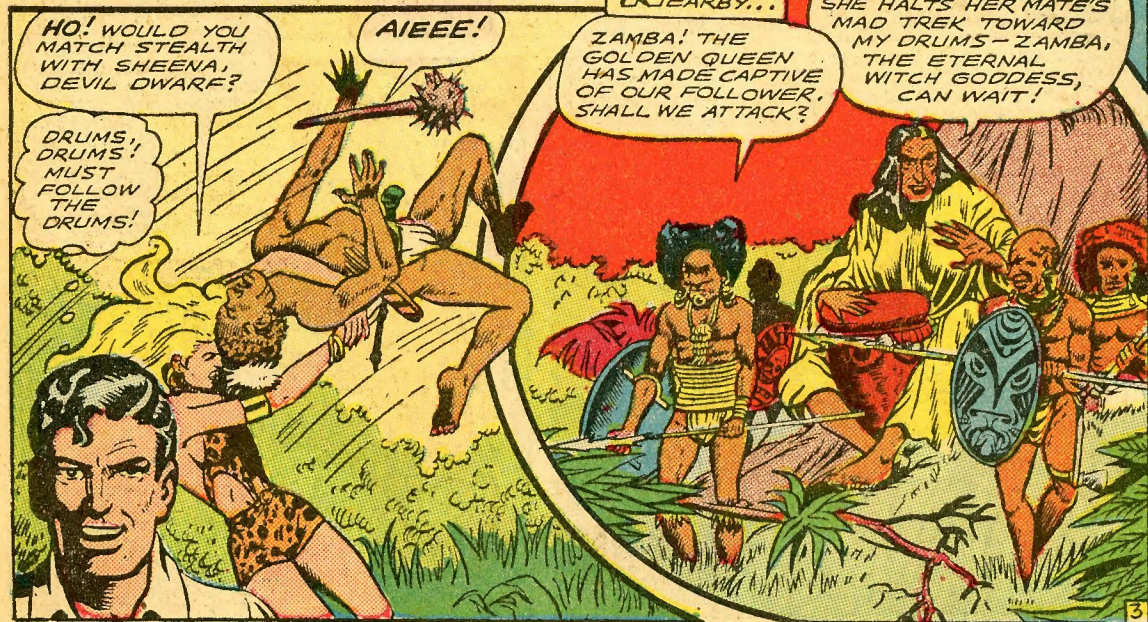
BUT BOB  
COMES!



'TIS MY MATE—  
YET HE ANSWERS  
ME NOT! HIS  
MANNER IS AS  
ONE BEWITCHED!

HOLD,  
BOB!  
IT IS  
SHEENA  
CALLS!

WHAT—  
THAT  
SOUND...



NEARBY...

NAY, CRUSH YOUR  
KILL-LUSTS! THOUGH  
SHE HALTS HER MATE'S  
MAD TREK TOWARD  
MY DRUMS—ZAMBA,  
THE ETERNAL  
WITCH GODDESS,  
CAN WAIT!

ZAMBA! THE  
GOLDEN QUEEN  
HAS MADE CAPTIVE  
OF OUR FOLLOWER.  
SHALL WE ATTACK?

HO! WOULD YOU  
MATCH STEALTH  
WITH SHEENA,  
DEVIL DWARF?

AIEEE!

DRUMS,  
DRUMS!  
MUST  
FOLLOW  
THE  
DRUMS!



**L**ATER...



SHEENA! WH-WHAT HAPPENED? I WAS GOING TO FIND YOU AND THEN-I-I DON'T REMEMBER A THING!

SOME WITCHCRAFT CONTROLLED YOU, BOB- THIS DEVIL-DWARF HAS THE ANSWER.

SPEAK, LITTLE ONE, LEST MY BLADE WREST IT FROM YOU FORCIBLY! WHAT MEANS THIS WITCHCRAFT?

AIEE! 'TIS ONE EVEN GREATER THAN YOU! ZAMBA, THE WITCH GODDESS LIVES AGAIN!

ZAMBA? A LIE! FOR WELL I KNOW SHE IS DEAD! BUT LEAD US TO THIS GODDESS, QUICKLY!

UN-BELIEVER! I SHALL LEAD YOU!

AYE - BUT INTO A TRAP, O JUNGLE QUEEN!

**M**EANWHILE, AT THE T'ROGA KRAAL, THE SUDDEN THUD OF POUNDING HOOFs, SHRILL SCREAMS, AND...



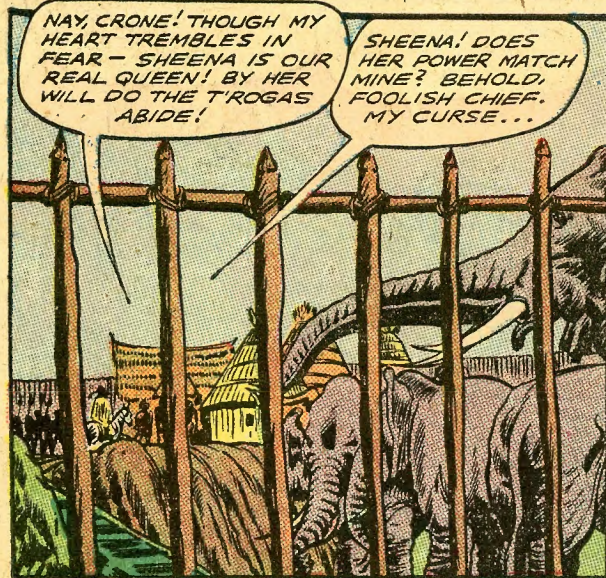
BEHOLD, YE WARRIORS OF T'ROGA- I AM ZAMBA, RISEN FROM THE DUSTS OF DEATH! COME FORTH, CHIEF B'ZANI!

I AM B'ZANI, OLD ONE!

DO MY OLD EYES DECEIVE ME? ZAMBA IS DEAD- KILLED BY THE HAND OF SHEENA! YET THAT IS HER ASTRIDE THAT ZEBRA!

TRIBUTE! IVORY, GOLD- AND YOU SHALL PAY LEST ZAMBA'S CURSE BEFALL YOU!

WHAT SEEK YOU, CRONE?



NAY, CRONE! THOUGH MY HEART TREMBLES IN FEAR- SHEENA IS OUR REAL QUEEN! BY HER WILL DO THE T'ROGAS ABIDE!

SHEENA! DOES HER POWER MATCH MINE? BEHOLD, FOOLISH CHIEF, MY CURSE...



BEWARE! BEWARE! 'TIS THE CURSE OF ZAMBA - THE ANCIENT GODDESS! BEHOLD! ALL YOUR STRONG TURNETH WEAK, ALL YOUR BIG TURNETH SMALL! NOW RIDE, YE FOLLOWERS OF ZAMBA!



SOON...

SUDDENLY...



THIS ROUTE TO T'ROGA IS NEW TO SHEENA, BOB.

YES - ME, TOO. BUT WHY WOULD HE STEER US WRONG?

THAT YOU SHALL SOON DISCOVER, FOOLISH ONES! HARK! THE DRUMS - I HEAR THEM. THE TIME HAS COME!

HEY! WATCH THAT POLE! SHEENA, WE'RE TIPPING!

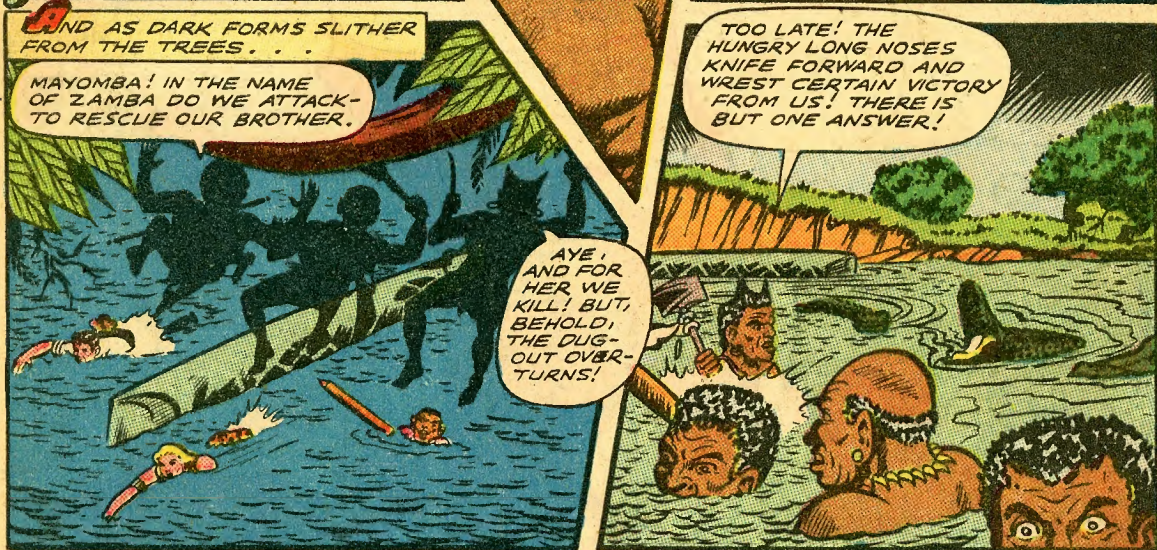
AIEE! ATTACK, BROTHERS! ATTACK!

AND AS DARK FORMS SLITHER FROM THE TREES...

MAYOMBA! IN THE NAME OF ZAMBA DO WE ATTACK - TO RESCUE OUR BROTHER.

AYE, AND FOR HER WE KILL! BUT, BEHOLD! THE DUG-OUT OVERTURNS!

TOO LATE! THE HUNGRY LONG NOSES KNIFE FORWARD AND WREST CERTAIN VICTORY FROM US! THERE IS BUT ONE ANSWER!

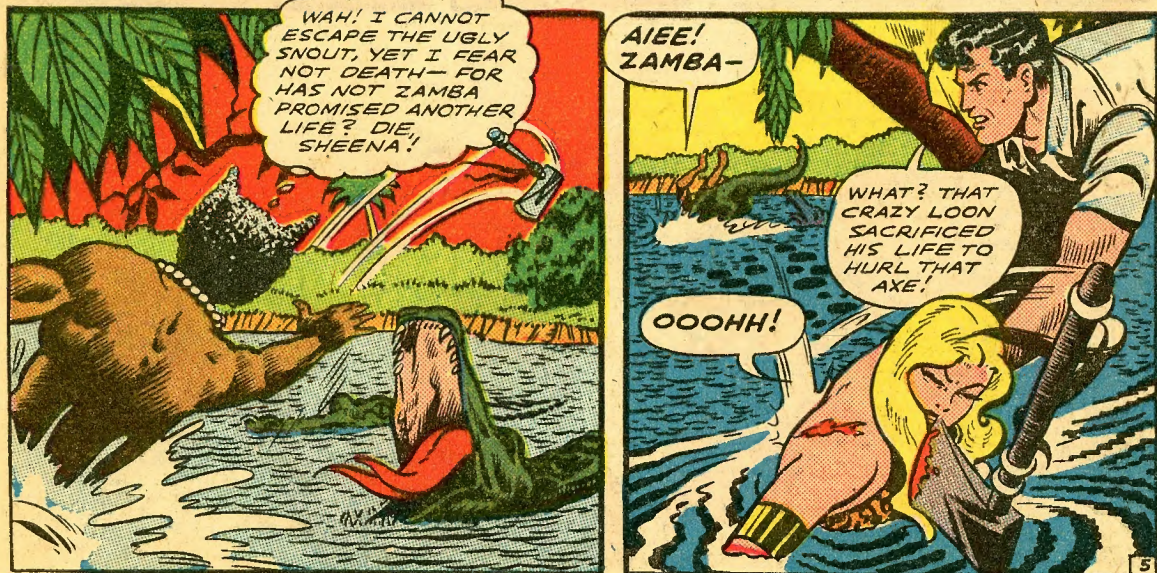


WAH! I CANNOT ESCAPE THE UGLY SNUOT, YET I FEAR NOT DEATH - FOR HAS NOT ZAMBA PROMISED ANOTHER LIFE? DIE, SHEENA!

AIEE! ZAMBA -

WHAT? THAT CRAZY LOON SACRIFICED HIS LIFE TO HURL THAT AXE!

OOOHH!

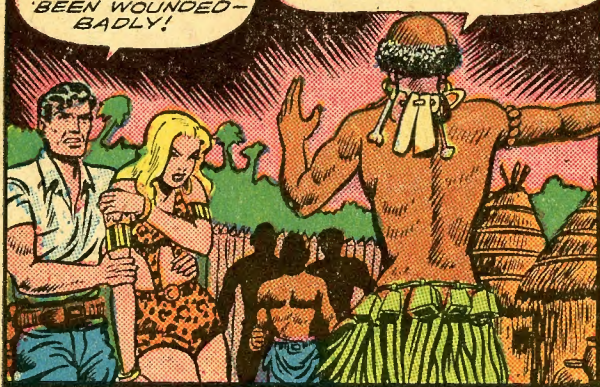




**A** LITTLE LATER AT THE T'ROGA KRAAL...

JAMBO, WITCH DOCTOR! SHEENA HAS BEEN WOUNDED—BADLY!

MY POWERS ARE AT YOUR COMMAND, BONDELE. TAKE HER TO MY HUT!



LEAVE US NOW, WHILE I CAST THE CURE SPELL, AND DRAW HER WOUND WITH BAOBAB LEAVES! GO!

YES, I'LL GO. I'LL BE MAKING JABBER WITH CHIEF B'ZANI— AND THERE HE IS NOW.



HO, BWANA BOB! GREAT FEAR STORMS INSIDE MY BREAST, FOR ZAMBA HAS PLACED THE EVIL CURSE UPON THE TRIBE'S BEAST OF BURDEN!

SURELY, YOU DON'T BELIEVE THE DEAD CAN RISE, B'ZANI? SHEENA HAS WORKED SO HARD AGAINST NATIVE SUPERSTITION AND...

TRUE WORDS, WHITE ONE, YET CAST YOUR GAZE UPON THAT HILL! 'TIS— 'TIS...

AN OLD HAG, AND SHE'S GOING TO HURL THAT TORCH! LISTEN, SHE'S CHANTING!

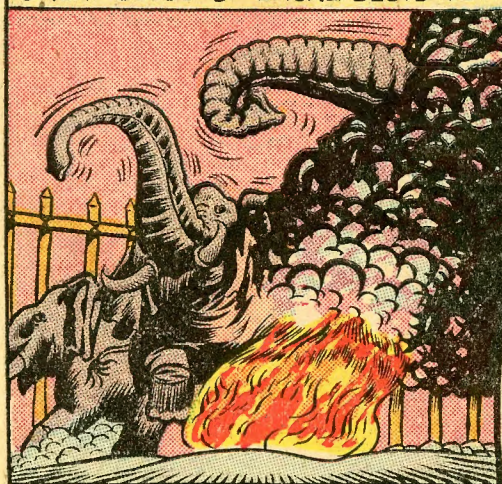
BEHOLD! BEHOLD! 'TIS THE CURSE OF ZAMBA!



**T**RUMPETS OF FEAR, THE CRASH OF MONSTER HOOF, AS THE HURLED TORCH EXPLODES, A GREAT CLOUD OF SMOKE BLOTS OUT THE SCENE...

WITNESS, O MATE OF SHEENA, THE WITCH QUEEN HAS CAST HER CURSE!

LOOK! LOOK! THE SMOKE'S CLEARING!







AIEE! BEHOLD THIS MIRACLE!  
"ALL YOUR STRONG TURNETH  
WEAK - ALL YOUR BIG TURNETH  
SMALL!" IT HAS' COME TO  
PASS!

AYE! THE BLACK-  
EST OF JUNGLE  
JUJU! WE SHALL  
PAY THE TRIBUTE!

WAIT, B'ZANI,  
WAIT! DON'T  
YOU SEE, IT'S  
A TRICK, A  
CLEVER TRICK!  
WHAT!! THOSE  
SOUNDS...

HO, MATE OF SHEENA!  
THIS TIME YOU ARE  
MINE - MINE! SEIZE  
HIM AND THE FOOL  
B'ZANI!

NOT WITH-  
OUT A FIGHT,  
HAG!

IT'S HOPELESS!  
WE OUTNUMBER  
THEM - BUT THE  
T'ROGA MEN ARE  
FRIGHTENED, MY  
AMMUNITION'S  
GONE...

AAH!

SOON, AT  
ZAMBA'S  
TEMPLE LAIR...

SO, 'TIS A HAG YOU  
CALL ME, HANDSOME  
ONE? THEN LET YOUR  
GAZE BEHOLD ME  
NOW!

LOOK, SHE'S  
ENTERING  
THAT SMOKE  
CLOUD!

AYE, SHE  
TURNS,  
AND...

THROUGH THE  
SWIRLING MISTS...

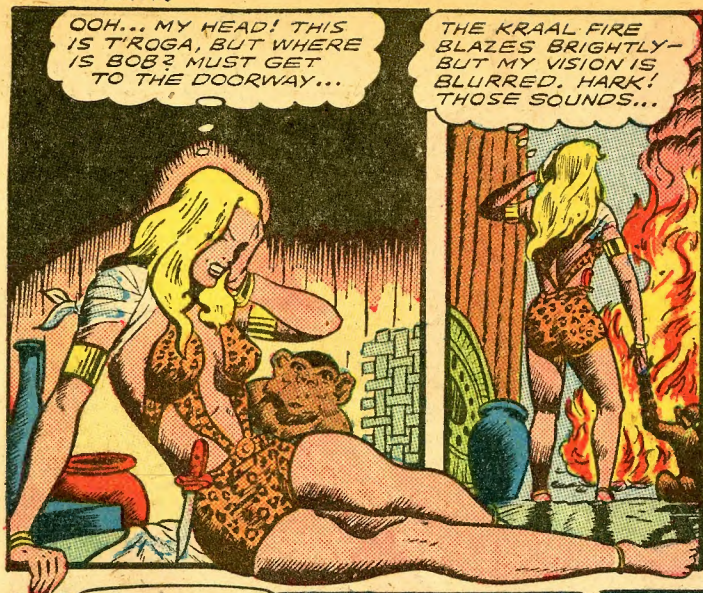
GREAT SCOTT!  
S-SHE'S YOUNG...

'TIS  
JUJU,  
BWANA  
BOB!

HO, AM  
I NOT  
BEAUTIFUL  
AS YOUR  
MATE,  
SHEENA?



LATER...





**H**ARSH DISCORDANT SCREAMS AS THE WITCH QUEEN, ZAMBA, CIRCLES THE FIRE— AND SWINGS THE PYGMY CHIEF ONCE AGAIN TO HER MOUNT. GRUMBLES OF FEAR GROW, AS THE ANCIENT ONE RIDES IN THE DISTANCE. AND AS THE SUN RISES, T'ROGA KRAAL IS A SCENE OF GREAT ACTIVITY— AND SOON...

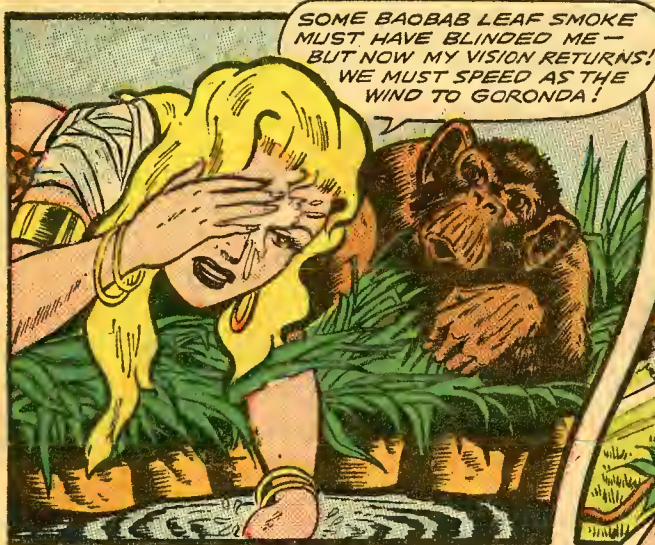
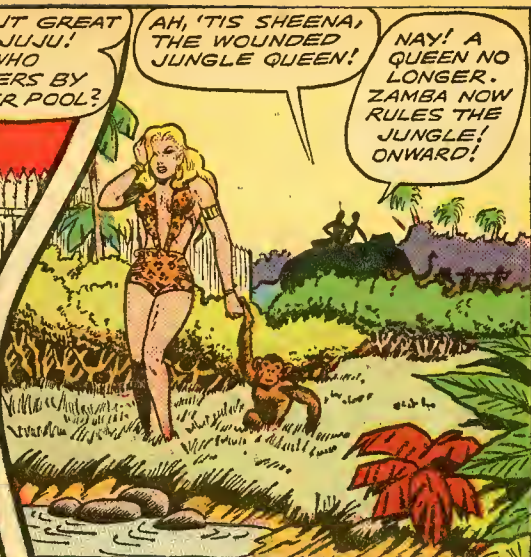


'TIS A SAD DAY, BROTHER, OUR HOLY TREASURES MUST BE PAID TO ZAMBA FOR TRIBUTE!

AYE— BUT GREAT IS HER JUJU! LOOK! WHO STAGGERS BY YONDER POOL?

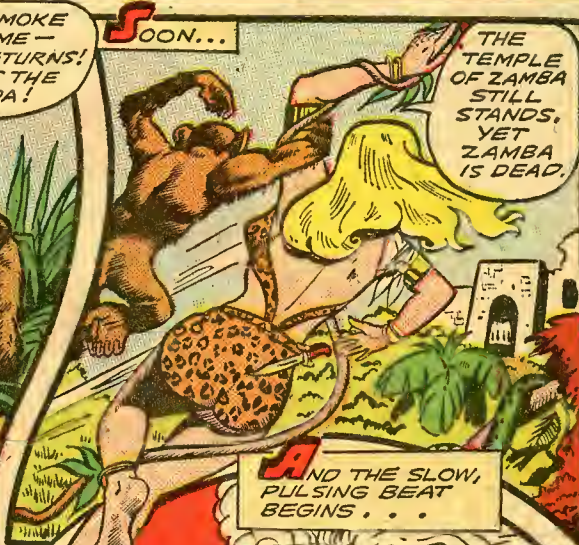
AH, 'TIS SHEENA, THE WOUNDED JUNGLE QUEEN!

NAY! A QUEEN NO LONGER. ZAMBA NOW RULES THE JUNGLE! ONWARD!



SOME BAOBAB LEAF SMOKE MUST HAVE BLINDED ME— BUT NOW MY VISION RETURNS! WE MUST SPEED AS THE WIND TO GORONDA!

**S**OON...



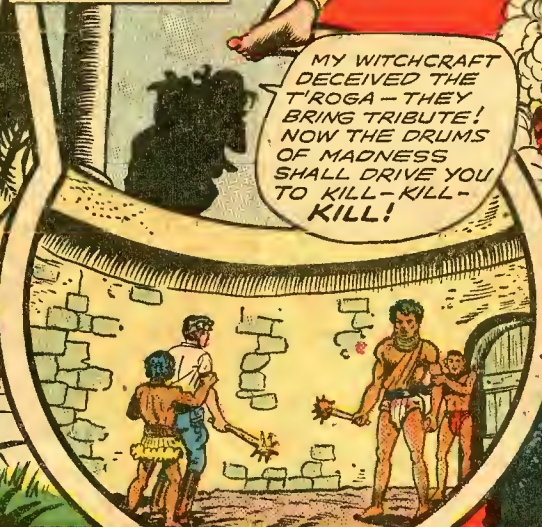
THE TEMPLE OF ZAMBA STILL STANDS, YET ZAMBA IS DEAD.

**A**ND THE SLOW, PULSING BEAT BEGINS...



HARK— THE JUJU DRUMS BEAT AGAIN! THE PULSING RHYTHM DRIVES MEN MAD!

**A**S INSIDE...

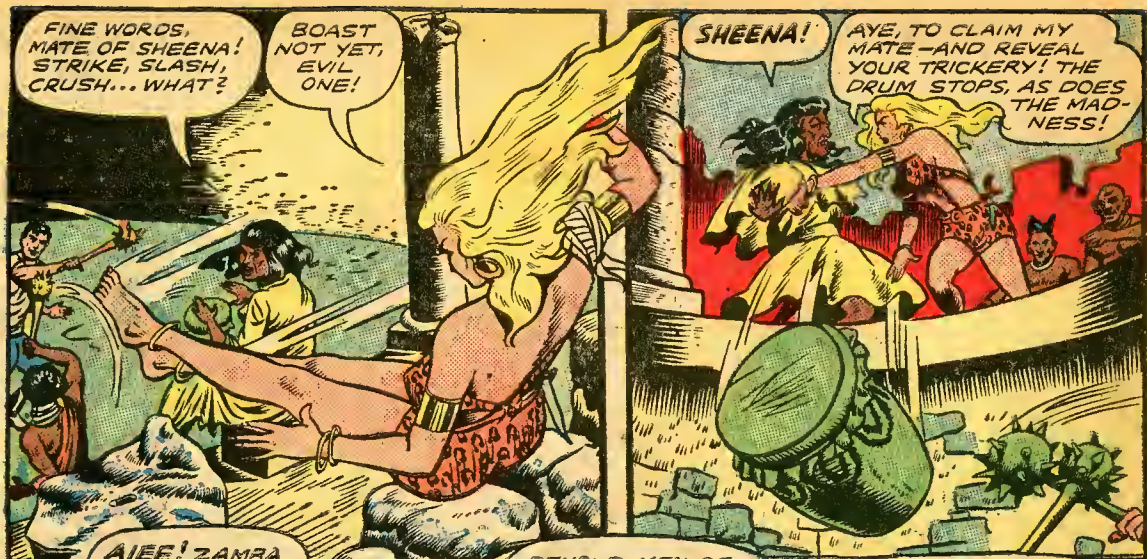


MY WITCHCRAFT DECEIVED THE T'ROGA— THEY BRING TRIBUTE! NOW THE DRUMS OF MADNESS SHALL DRIVE YOU TO KILL—KILL—KILL!



DRUMS! B'ZANI, I'M GOING TO SMASH YOUR SKULL!





SHEENA!

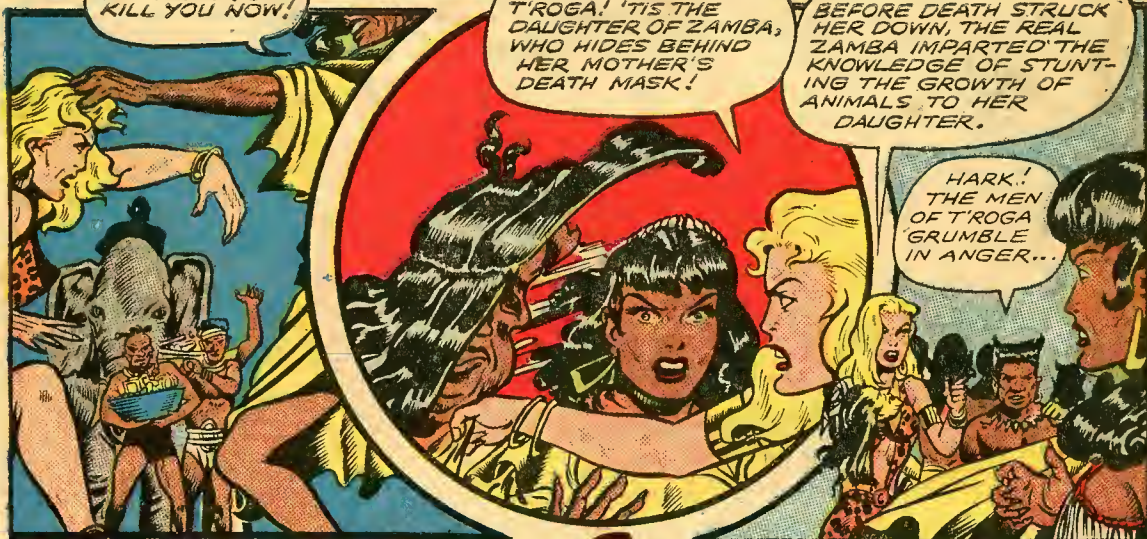
AYE, TO CLAIM MY MATE—AND REVEAL YOUR TRICKERY! THE DRUM STOPS, AS DOES THE MADNESS!

AIEE! ZAMBA WILL KILL YOU—KILL YOU NOW!

BEHOLD, MEN OF T'ROGA! 'TIS THE DAUGHTER OF ZAMBA, WHO HIDES BEHIND HER MOTHER'S DEATH MASK!

BEFORE DEATH STRUCK HER DOWN, THE REAL ZAMBA IMPARTED THE KNOWLEDGE OF STUNTING THE GROWTH OF ANIMALS TO HER DAUGHTER.

HARK! THE MEN OF T'ROGA GRUMBLE IN ANGER...



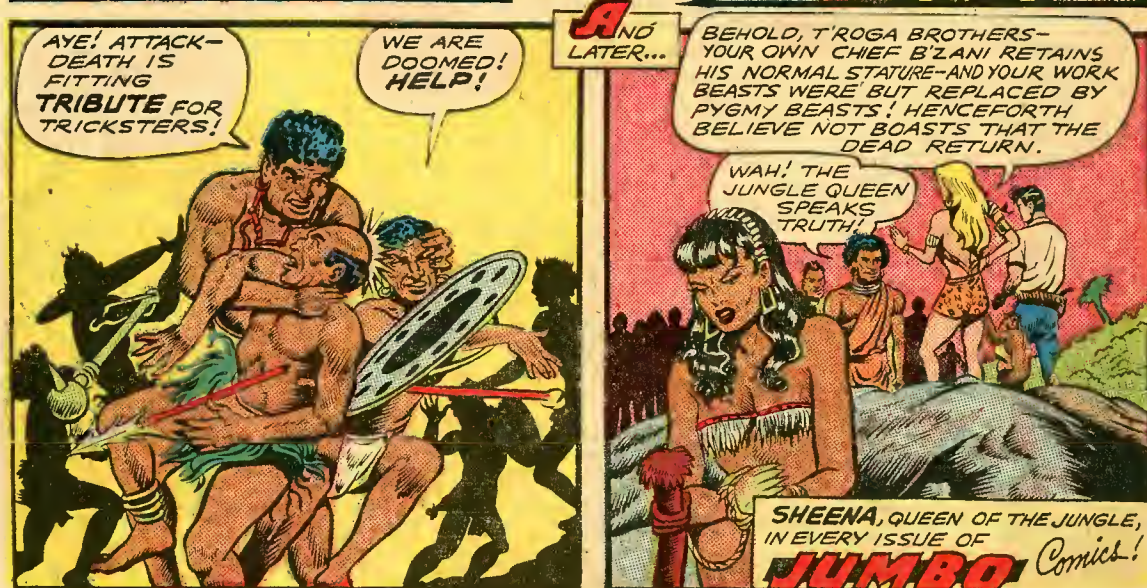
AYE! ATTACK—DEATH IS FITTING TRIBUTE FOR TRICKSTERS!

WE ARE DOOMED! HELP!

AND  
LATER...

BEHOLD, T'ROGA BROTHERS—YOUR OWN CHIEF B'ZANI RETAINS HIS NORMAL STATURE—AND YOUR WORK BEASTS WERE BUT REPLACED BY PYGMY BEASTS! HENCEFORTH BELIEVE NOT BOASTS THAT THE DEAD RETURN.

WAH! THE JUNGLE QUEEN SPEAKS TRUTH!



SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE, IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

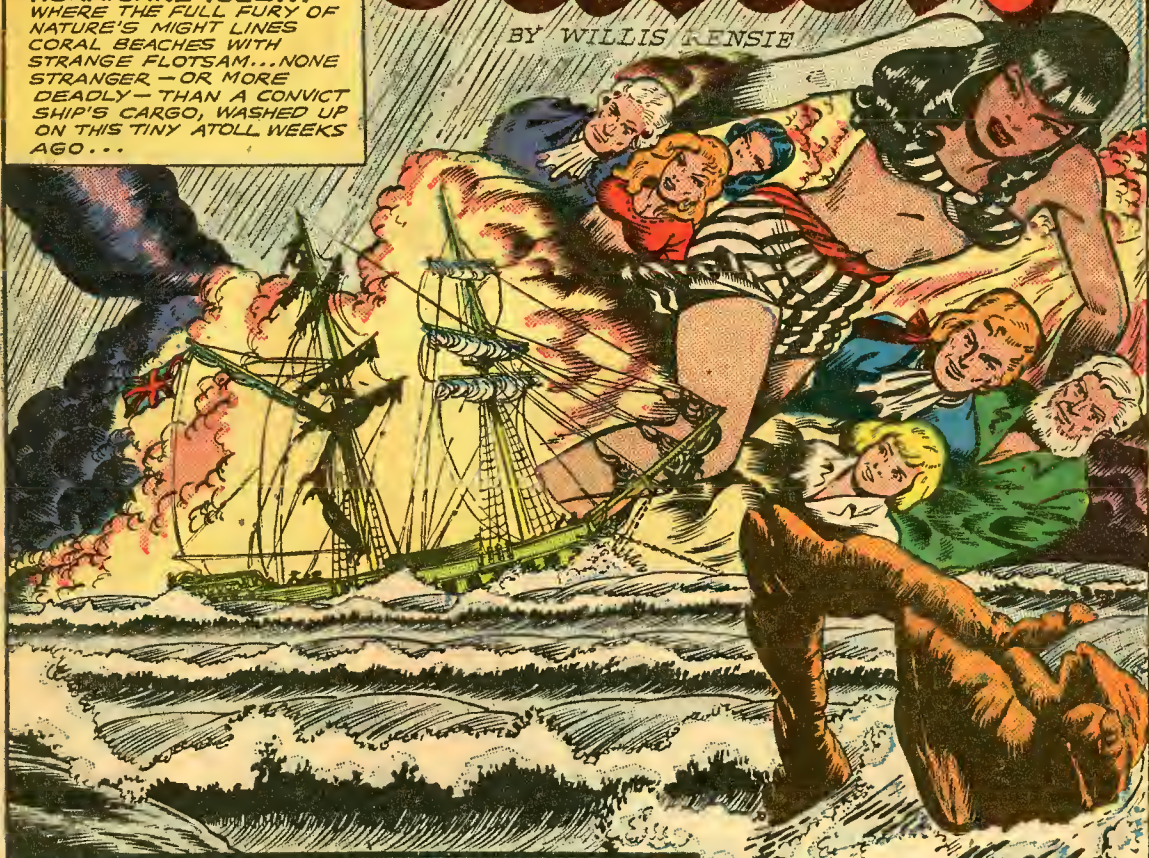


# The Hawk

BY WILLIS RENSIE

## HURRICANE ISLE...

WHERE THE FULL FURY OF NATURE'S MIGHT LINES CORAL BEACHES WITH STRANGE FLOTSAM...NONE STRANGER - OR MORE DEADLY - THAN A CONVICT SHIP'S CARGO, WASHED UP ON THIS TINY ATOLL WEEKS AGO...



AND NOW, LORD KENYON WHO SENT US TO TH' BRIG IS COMIN' HERE ON TH' DOLPHIN... WE'LL PAY OUR DEBT TO 'IM, EH, BLOODY RUFE?

YE MAY LAY TO THAT! HE'S BEEN TO TH' COLONIES, 'AS NO WAY O' KNOWIN' WE'RE FREE. AN'TIS A STORM ON TH' WAY...

TH' DOLPHIN'LL PLAN FOR REFUGE IN TH' NATIVES' ANCHORAGE, AN-BLIMEY! LOOK!







A NATIVE WENCH!  
AFTER HER—AFTER  
HER, D'YE HEAR ME?

AYE, RUFÉ—  
'TIS NOT FAR  
SHE'LL BE  
GETTIN'!

COME  
ALONG,  
YE EAVES-  
DROPPIN'  
BILGE-  
RAT!



WHAT'LL WE DO  
WITH 'ER? IF SHE  
TOLD 'ER PEOPLE,  
WAILUKI 'UD WARN  
TH' DOLPHIN!

SHE'LL NOT BE A-TELLIN'  
THEM—NOT WEN SHE'S  
'AD 'ER TONGUE  
RIPPED OUT!

ON WITH IT—  
ON WITH IT  
THEN, RUFÉ!

**W**HILE MILES AWAY ABOARD  
THE LADY SCARLETT...

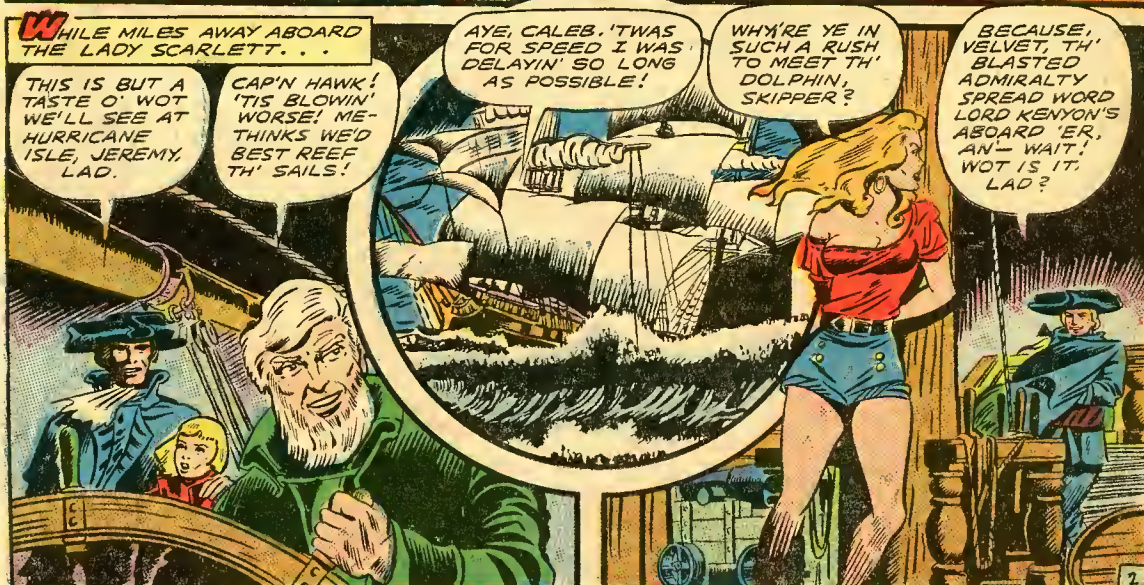
THIS IS BUT A  
TASTE O' WOT  
WE'LL SEE AT  
HURRICANE  
ISLE, JEREMY,  
LAD.

CAP'N HAWK!  
'TIS BLOWIN'  
WORSE! ME-  
THINKS WE'D  
BEST REEF  
TH' SAILS!

AYE, CALEB, 'TAS  
FOR SPEED I WAS  
DELAYIN' SO LONG  
AS POSSIBLE!

WHY'RE YE IN  
SUCH A RUSH  
TO MEET TH'  
DOLPHIN,  
SKIPPER?

BECAUSE, VELVET, TH'  
BLASTED  
ADMIRALTY  
SPREAD WORD  
LORD KENYON'S  
ABOARD 'ER,  
AN—WAIT!  
WOT IS IT,  
LAD?







YER PARDON, CAP'N,  
BUT YE'RE NOT  
THINKIN' BLOODY  
RUFÉ AN' 'IS LOT  
ARE ON TH' ISLE?



I KNOW NOT, BUT 'T WAS IN  
THOSE WATERS A HURRICANE  
STRUCK TH' BLACK-BALLER.  
NOW, WOULD YE BE A-REEFIN'  
SAIL, YOUNGSTER?



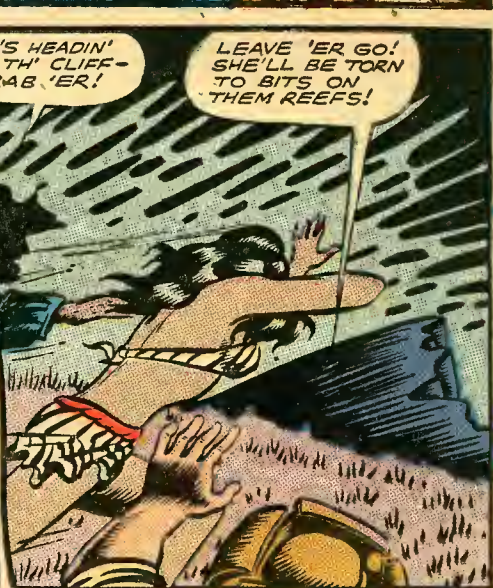
METHUSALAH!  
SEEMS 'TIS  
ANOTHER  
TWISTER HEADED  
FOR TH' ISLE,  
MATE!

WE'RE ON  
IT'S FRINGE,  
SON. BUT  
WE'LL BE A-  
PAYIN' TRINK-  
ETS TO CHIEF  
WAILUKI FOR  
SAFE ANCHOR-  
AGE ASIDE TH'  
DOLPHIN IN  
PLENTY O'  
TIME!



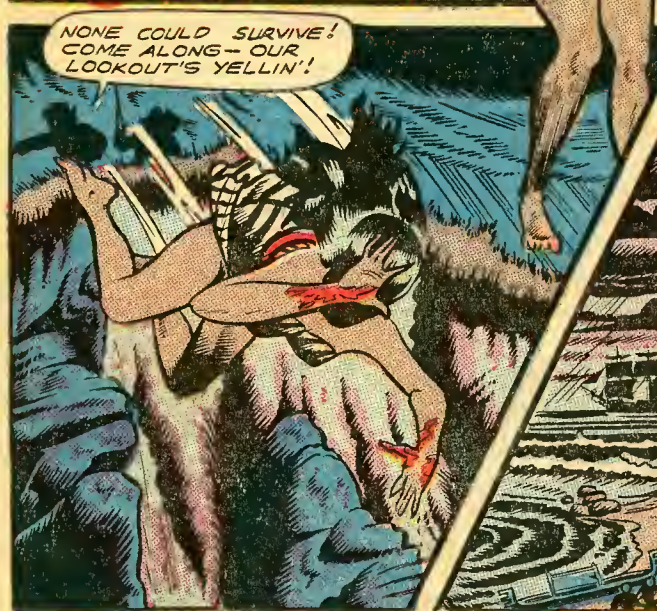
AS...  
THERE-'TIS  
DONE! SHE'S  
LEARNED WOT  
HAPPENS TO  
THEM AS CROSSES  
TH' COURSE O'  
BLOODY RUFÉ!

BY KIDD'S  
BONES-YER  
A COLD ONE!  
BUT-AVAST!



SHE'S HEADIN'  
FOR TH' CLIFF-  
GRAB 'ER!

LEAVE 'ER GO!  
SHE'LL BE TORN  
TO BITS ON  
THEM REEFS!

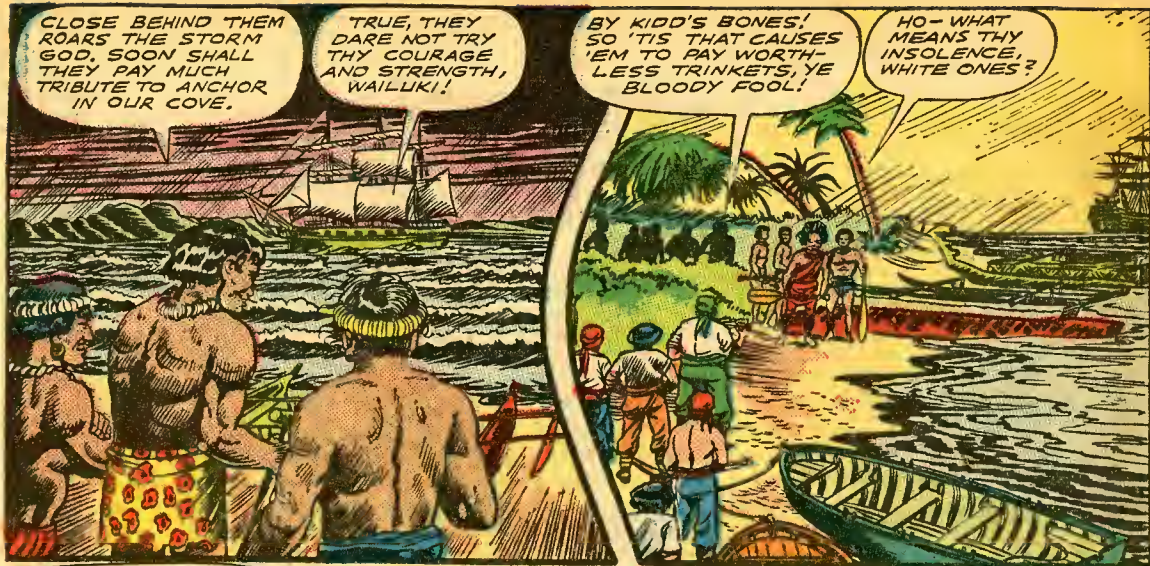


NONE COULD SURVIVE!  
COME ALONG- OUR  
LOOKOUT'S YELLIN'!



RUFÉ-RUFÉ! 'TIS TH'  
DOLPHIN RUNNIN' BEFORE  
A TWISTER! WAILUKI AN'  
'IS PEOPLE ARE ON TH'  
BEACH!





CLOSE BEHIND THEM  
ROARS THE STORM  
GOD. SOON SHALL  
THEY PAY MUCH  
TRIBUTE TO ANCHOR  
IN OUR COVE.

TRUE, THEY  
DARE NOT TRY  
THY COURAGE  
AND STRENGTH,  
WAILUKI!

BY KIDD'S BONES!  
SO 'TIS THAT CAUSES  
'EM TO PAY WORTH-  
LESS TRINKETS, YE  
BLOODY FOOL!

HO--WHAT  
MEANS THY  
INSOLENCE,  
WHITE ONES?



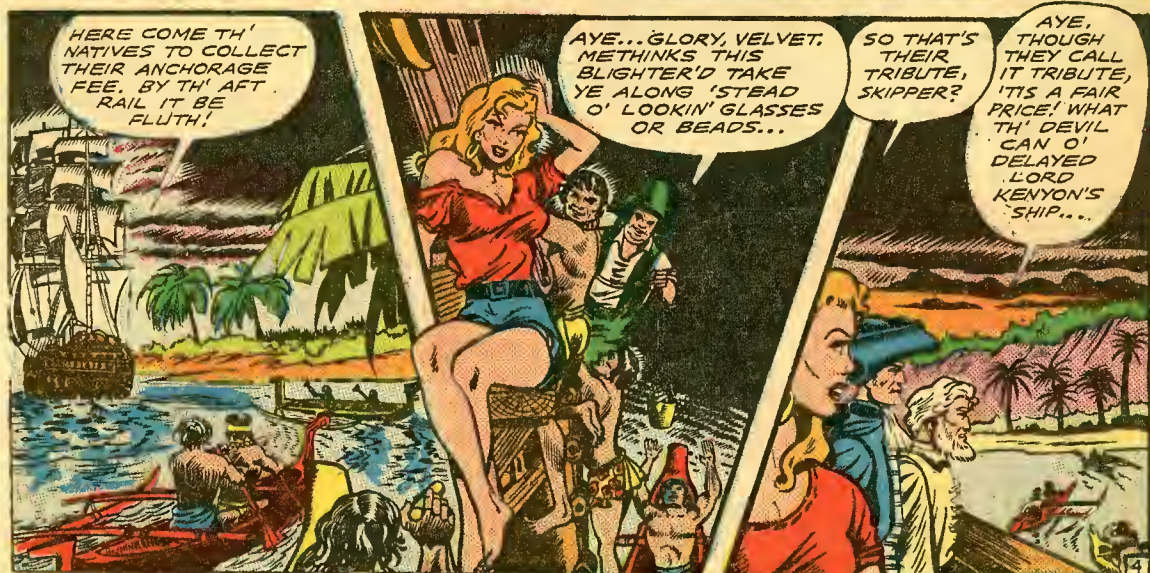
I'M CURIOUS ABOUT  
YER COURAGE...YE'D  
RACE US OUT TOWARD  
TH' HURRICANE--OUT  
TOWARD TH' BRITISH  
SHIP YONDER?

THOUGH IT  
MEAN DEATH,  
IT IS DONE!  
WE SHALL  
FIND WHO  
FIRST TURNS  
BACK! INTO  
THE DUGOUTS,  
BROTHERS!

LATER...

BLIMEY,  
CAP'N HAWK!  
TH' DOLPHIN  
NOT 'ERE IN  
WAILUKI'S  
COVE YET--  
I LIKE IT  
NOT!

NOR I, CALEB--  
'T WILL NOT BE  
LONG A-FORE  
TH' HURRICANE  
STRIKES THIS  
AREA!



HERE COME TH'  
NATIVES TO COLLECT  
THEIR ANCHORAGE  
FEE. BY TH' AFT  
RAIL IT BE  
FLUTH!

AYE...GLORY, VELVET.  
METHINKS THIS  
BLIGHTER'D TAKE  
YE ALONG 'STEAD  
O' LOOKIN' GLASSES  
OR BEADS...

SO THAT'S  
THEIR  
TRIBUTE,  
SKIPPER?

AYE,  
THOUGH THEY  
CALL IT TRIBUTE,  
'TIS A FAIR  
PRICE! WHAT  
TH' DEVIL  
CAN O'  
DELAYED  
LORD  
KENYON'S  
SHIP...



ON THE MEANWHILE...

GLORY, RUFÉ— SO FAR IT WORKS, BUT TH' DOLPHIN'S GUNS'LL BLAST US FROM TH' SURF!

AH, YE FOOL— FIRE A FEW MUSKETS SO 'TWILL 'PEAR THAT...

LOOK, FATHER— LOOK!

MOST ODD, YOUR LORDSHIP! THOSE NATIVES ATTACKING THE WHITE MEN— WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM ABOARD!



THE RACE ENDS, BROTHERS— TO SHORE! THEY GO ONTO GREAT SHIP!

NO, IT CANNOT BE! YOU— BLOODY RUFÉ!

AYE, KENYON, YER LORDSHIP! AT LAST WE MEET AGAIN! INTO 'EM, BUCKOS!

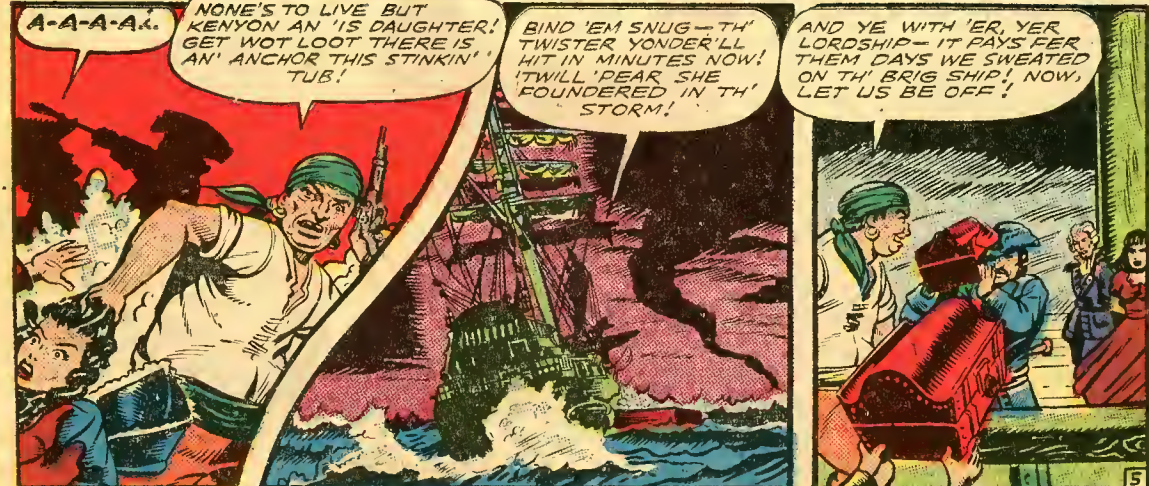


A-A-A-A...

NONE'S TO LIVE BUT KENYON AN 'IS DAUGHTER! GET WOT LOOT THERE IS AN' ANCHOR THIS STINKIN' TUB!

BIND 'EM SNUG— TH' TWISTER YONDER'LL HIT IN MINUTES NOW! 'TWILL 'PEAR SHE FOUNDERED IN TH' STORM!

AND YE WITH 'ER, YER LORDSHIP— IT PAYS FER THEM DAYS WE SWEATED ON TH' BRIG SHIP! NOW, LET US BE OFF!





**SCANT MOMENTS LATER...**

BY METHUSALAH'S BONES! LOOK—TH' DOLPHIN IN TH' TWISTER'S PATH! WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

IT SMELLS O' TREACHERY, CAP'N HAWK! 'TIS A PATH TO TH' BEACH BY TH' CAVE YONDER!



HURRY, THEN—AN' PRAY WE BE NOT TOO LATE!

AVAST, ME BUCKOS! HAWK'LL NOT CHEAT US OF OUR REVENGE ON KENYON! A NARROW LEDGE THEIR PATH BE!



A TRICE AN' THEY'LL BE BELOW! NOW, LADDIES—NOW!



GLORY! 'TIS AN AVALANCHE! INTO TH' CAVE—HASTEN!



SAFE, AN' YET TH' ENTRANCE BLOCKED! WE'LL 'AVE TO DIG FREE!

'TWOULD TAKE HOURS, SKIPPER! TH' DOLPHIN—LORD KENYON...



**AS...**

IT'S COMING CLOSER, FATHER—IT WILL STRIKE IN MINUTES NOW!



NOTHING CAN SAVE US—NOTHING! WE'RE DOOMED!

COURAGE, HAVE COURAGE, MY CHILD... PRAY...





**W**HILE...

CAP'N—  
CAP'N  
HAWK!  
BEHIND  
YE!

GLORY,  
'TIS A  
NATIVE GIRL!  
SPEAK, LASS—  
WHY DON'T  
YE SPEAK?

BLIMEY, 'TIS  
HORRIBLE!  
SHE'S— SHE'S  
NO TONGUE,  
SKIPPER!

WAIT, SHE'S  
SIGNALING!  
WANTS US  
TO FOLLOW,  
SHE DOES!



HAWK!  
IT COULD  
BE A  
TRAP  
SHE'S  
STEERIN'  
US ON!

NAY—  
'TIS  
DAY-  
LIGHT  
AHEAD!  
TH' BEACH...

BLIMEY, A  
TRICK'LL  
SEE TH  
DOLPHIN'S  
END! THAT  
DOUGOUT..

HAWK, CAP'N HAWK,  
COME BACK! YE'RE  
TOO LATE— 'TIS  
SUICIDE!



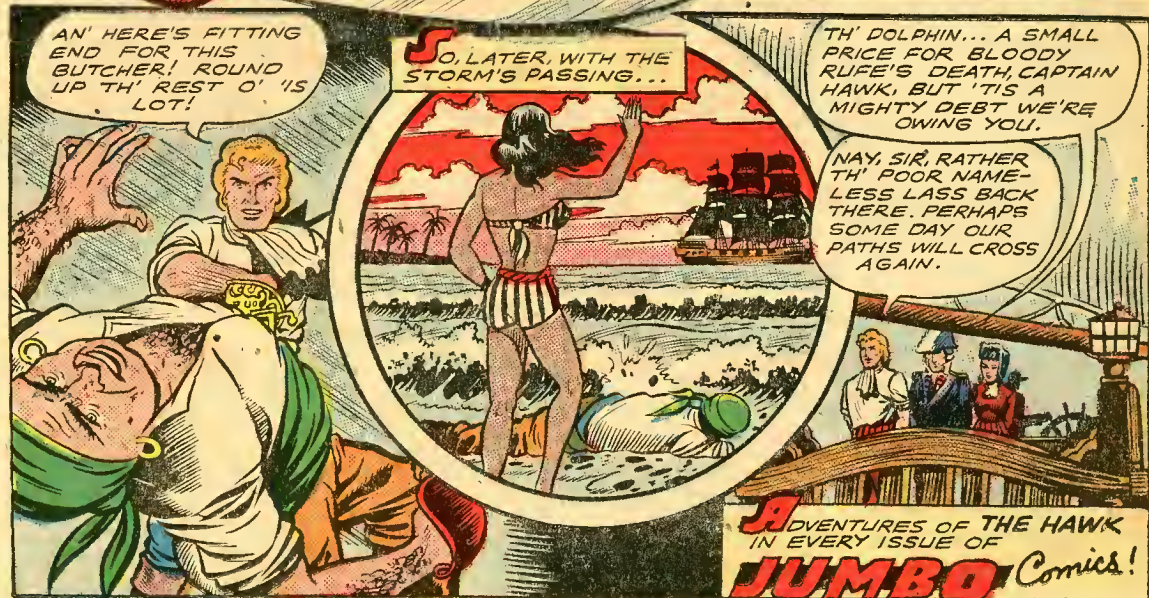
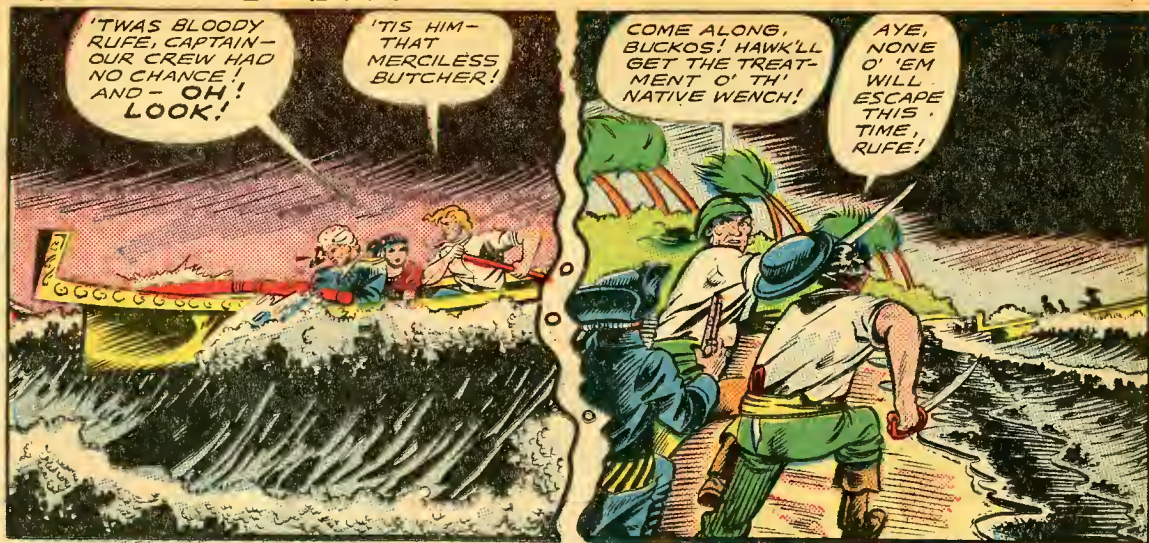
PERCHANCE... BUT  
IF HIS LORDSHIP  
WERE ASHORE, 'E'D  
O' MET TH' LADY  
SCARLETT... WAIT—  
'T'WAS 'IS VOICE—  
I'D SWEAR IT!



**M**OMENTS  
PASS... THEN  
ABOVE THE ROAR  
OF NATURE'S  
FURY, A DEAFENING  
EXPLOSION  
AS THE ONCE-  
PROUD VESSEL  
IS RENT  
ASUNDER...



**B**UT ALREADY A FLIMSY CRAFT IS  
STREAKING SHOREWARD...





# NIGHT ATTACK

By Henry Wysham Lanier

THE corsairs of Morocco, Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis had for centuries been the scourge of Mediterranean commerce. It is true that at the close of our Revolution, England and France were paying them yearly tribute for safety, and Spain had bought them off for three million dollars cash.

But when one reads of an American Congress answering the insolent demands of Deys and Bashaws by sending over ransom and tribute money, stores, and even a warship, with humble apologies for delay, the most peace-loving citizen feels that under such conditions war becomes a duty.

Our abject attitude toward these pirates had the natural results. Not only did we pay them more than the million dollars which we were not willing to invest in the necessary war-ships, but our seamen were still slain and imprisoned, our flag and officers were openly insulted, our commerce was broken up, and our name became a thing of contempt.

And as a final touch we had to build the ships and go to war after all.

One result was the founding of the Navy Department in 1798, together with the completion of the *Constitution*, the *Constellation*, and the *United States*. In 1801 open war came with Tripoli, and the first blow was struck when Sterrett in the *Enterprise* captured the *Tripoli* after a savage battle. The war dragged on. In October, 1803, came a disaster.

One morning the *Philadelphia*, one of the best frigates in our little navy, was cruising on her station when she sighted a large Tripolitan xebec standing in for the bay. Bainbridge made sail and chased her. Driving along under full sail, firing her bow-guns and sounding as she went, the *Philadelphia* pursued hotly. But all of a sudden the water shoaled. There was a terrific shock. To his chagrin, the American captain found himself hard and fast on a hidden reef.

The town was less than three miles away.

No other ships of the squadron were in sight. Presently nine Turkish gunboats sped toward the doomed ship out of the harbor.

Bainbridge tried every expedient possible. With anchors cut from the bow, guns run aft and then cast overboard, mainmast cut away, water-casks broached, hold pumped out, he strove to get his vessel afloat. All was in vain. So the magazine was flooded, the ship scuttled, the flag came down.

The crew were captured, ill-treated, and imprisoned. The frigate was dragged from the reef and anchored in triumph under the fort's guns. It was a sad day for the new navy of the United States.

So bitter was the recollection, that Bainbridge wrote Commodore Preble, suggesting a cutting-out expedition to destroy the ship. She was heavily manned; a hundred guns frowned down on her from the castle; a swarm of Tripolitan gunboats surrounded her. But when the idea was broached in the squadron, so many officers clamored for the chance that lots had to be cast.

The lucky man was a young lieutenant, Stephen Decatur, Jr., whose father had captured the first privateer in the scattering war with France. Picking eighty men from the eager crowd of volunteers, among them Lieutenant James Lawrence and Midshipman James Macdonough, Decatur set out in a small ketch on the night of February 16, 1804. Her hold was full of explosives and fire materials. He had secured a pilot who knew the harbor and spoke the language like a native. The order was death to any man who made a noise or used any weapon but cold steel.

Silently the little boat stole into the harbor in the darkness.

It was nearly midnight when she swung under the bows of the *Philadelphia*, whose black hulk loomed up far above her. All about were the lights of the gunboats. Other lights against a vague blur beyond marked the castle, whose heavy guns were ready to



send them to the bottom, or blow them into the air, in the twinkling of an eye if the alarm were once given. It was the crisis of the expedition; not much imagination was needed to fancy the result if their first greeting was a shot into that death-stored hull; every man aboard the ketch felt the thrill and the terrific strain of waiting.

But not a sound was made as the little craft drifted like a ghost toward the quiet frigate. Only half a dozen of the party, and these disguised, were on deck, the rest being out of sight below.

A sentinel hailed her: "What ship is that?"

The pilot answered glibly: she was a trader from Malta. They had been through a gale and had lost their anchors. To avoid running foul of something, they wanted to moor to the frigate till morning. Cunningly he went on to describe such a cargo as proved irresistible to sailor fancy. The Tripolitan officer was more than willing to have this mouse stay by the cat till daylight.

At this moment a puff of wind took the ketch aback. She began to drift away from the frigate. Discovery seemed imminent.

Calmly Decatur ordered two men into a boat, to carry a line to the frigate's fore-chains. Then the crew warped her vigorously up alongside.

Nearer and nearer she came, and as the moment approached the assailants began to prepare for their rush. When there was still quite a space left between the two vessels, a Tripolitan, who had been watching out of a port-hole, caught a glimpse of men in uniform aboard the peaceful trader.

"Americanos! Americanos!" he shouted.

Another on deck ran forward with his cutlass raised.

"Pull, men! Pull for your lives!" commanded the American officers.

The Yankees put their backs to the work like a tug-of-war team. The Turk cut the rope with one blow. But that last sturdy effort had done the job. The ketch moved slowly up alongside her prey.

"Boarders away!" called Decatur, leaping across into the *Philadelphia's* rigging. The men followed in one surge, like a great human wave. There was not a cheer or a

shot, but, cutlass in hand, they swept the decks. In ten minutes the Turks were cut down or had leaped overboard. The *Philadelphia* was momentarily back under the Stars and Stripes.

Now came the real test. A line was formed. With orderly speed, the combustibles were passed up from the ketch, placed about according to an exact diagram, and set on fire.

Fifteen minutes sufficed. The party assigned to the berth-deck had to run the gauntlet as they scrambled up again. When Decatur reassembled his gallant eighty on board the ketch, the frigate was bursting into flames forward, astern, and amidships.

Off stood the adventurers on their perilous return trip. Every gunboat in range opened upon them as the frigate's funeral pyre lit up the scene. The castle's heavy gun thundered away and splashed buckets of water over them, the while they bent to the oars. Even the poor old frigate hurled out shot after them as the flames bit into her vitals.

Every moment they expected her magazine to explode and crush or fire them as the debris rained down. On they rowed, while the mounting flames lit up the confusion like a scene on the stage.

And then as the fierce conflagration made it evident their success was complete, the rowers stopped short. Three rousing cheers resounded in the ears of the infuriated enemy. Bending to their oars again, the Americans swept their ketch away to safety, while the *Philadelphia* with a mighty roar vanished into charred timbers and wreckage.

Without losing a man, Decatur returned to receive the rank of captain and a sword from Congress, as fitting acknowledgments of one of the most dashing cutting-out exploits on record.

Eleven years later, having won a succession of laurels in the War of 1812, and having just captured the largest corsair warship, this same Stephen Decatur stood on the quarter-deck of his flag-ship and received the submission of the Dey of Algiers to a treaty insuring reparation and future freedom from attack—which marked the ending for all time of pirate tribute or ransom from the United States.



# ZX-5

BY MAJOR THORPE



"GOODBYE BROADWAY -  
HELLO DROWSY MESA! -  
TWO WEEKS FULL OF NOTHING  
BUT 'RESTFUL LIVING IN A WARM  
DESERT SETTING' - AT LEAST  
THAT'S WHAT THE CATALOGUE  
CLAIMED. IF I HAD PEEKED  
INTO A CRYSTAL BALL, I WOULDN'T  
HAVE TOUCHED IT WITH A TWENTY  
FOOT POLE! BUT SINCE EVEN A PRIVATE  
EYE DOESN'T HAVE ONE OF THOSE  
GADGETS..."

**AS** NEARBY...

- HEAT UP THAT BRANDIN'  
IRON, HANK! THAT'LL MAKE  
THIS OLE CRITTER TELL US  
WHERE HE'S HID THE GOLD  
HE DUG! IF HE DOESN'T  
HANKER TO TALK, I KNOW  
JUST THE TREATMENT FOR  
HIS NIECE HERE!

- HAVIN'  
TROUBLE,  
PARDNER?

TROUBLE! - THIS  
BABY'S AS  
SKITTISH AS A  
TIMES SQUARE  
TAXI DRIVER!

GEE-YAP,  
FELLA!  
LET'S U.S  
TROT OUT  
AN' HAVE A  
LOOK AT  
THESE  
PEACEFUL  
WIDE  
OPEN  
SPACES!





C'MON, INEZ!—JAB TH' OLE BOY WITH THE IRON!—HE'LL TALK, PRONTO!

WHY... WHY, IT'S INHUMAN! SHE'S REALLY GOING TO USE THAT BRANDING IRON ON UNCLE NED!—WAIT, THIS CAULDRON'S BOILING HOT...

LOOKS LIKE HE'S PASSED OUT FROM THE BEATIN' WE GAVE HIM!—WHAT'S THAT?—SHE'S KNOCKED THE CAULDRON OVER!

FREE! MUST GET HELP BEFORE THEY MURDER HIM!

—GET OUT THE DOOR AFTER HER, PEDRO!—MAKE SURE SHE DON'T GET TO THE SHERIFF!—WE'LL MEET YOU BACK AT THE DUDE RANCH!—LISTEN! THE OLD GUY'S MUMBLING...

—CANYON CITY! THAT'S THE GHOST TOWN OVER NEAR THE CREEK! WE'LL GO WAIT FOR PEDRO AN' THEN WE'LL HUNT FOR THIS OLD FOOL'S FORTUNE IN CANYON CITY!

OHH... SHEEAN'S C-CANYON CITY...

AS...

—SURE MISS THE GOOD RICH SMELL OF EXHAUST SMOKE! HEY... WONDER WHAT'S KICKIN' UP ALL THAT DUST? WAIT!—THOSE SCREAMS!

I'LL BE... THAT HOMBRE'S GONNA USE HIS MAN-SIZED BULL-WHIP ON THE GAL!

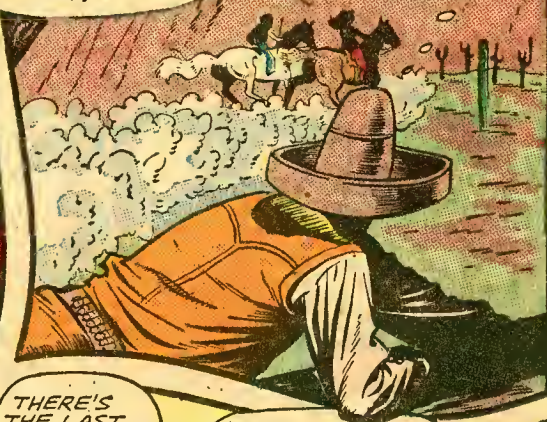
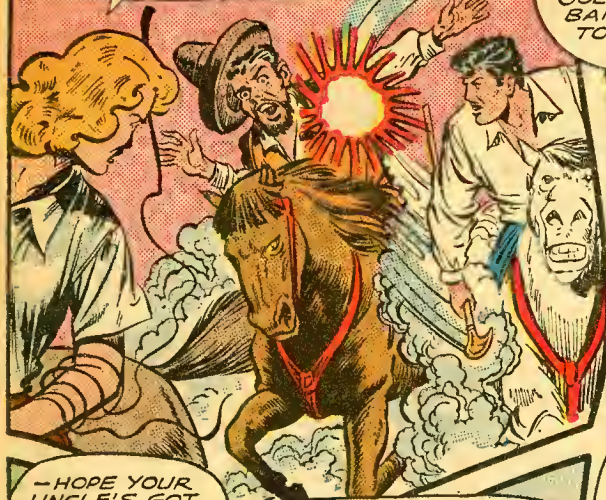
—YOU RIDE LIKE THE WIND, SEÑORITA!—MUCH TOO FAST!—BUT PEDRO THEENKS THAT THEES REVOLVER WHEEL SLOW YOU DOWN...



WHAT?—WHY...I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR WHERE YOU CAME FROM— BUT I NEED HELP! PLEASE FOLLOW ME QUICKLY!

—THESE CUTTHROATS ATTACKED MY UNCLE NED!—HE'S SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE PROSPECTIN' FOR GOLD—NOW THESE BANDITS ARE TRYING TO STEAL IT FROM HIM!

BAH! MEDDLING GRINGO!—BUT PEDRO HAS SEEN YOUR FACE!—WHEN WE MEET AGAIN YOU SHALL BE REPAID FOR THEES!

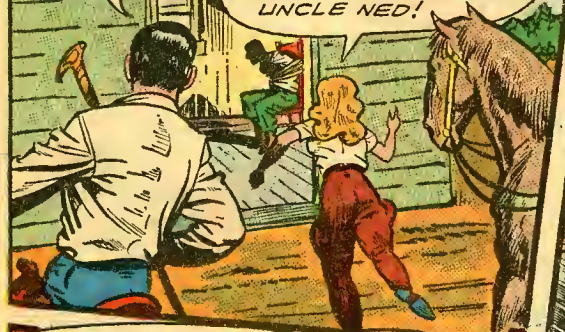


—HOPE YOUR UNCLE'S GOT HIS DIGGIN'S WELL HIDDEN!—'CAUSE I'D SAY THESE BABIES ARE PLAYIN' FOR KEEPS!

—THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT!—NOT WHERE UNCLE NED'S GOT IT HIDDEN IN CANYON CITY! OHH, MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU THAT! BUT LOOK, THE BANDITS ARE GONE! HURRY!—LET'S FREE UNCLE NED!

THERE'S THE LAST OF THE ROPE OFF AN'... HEY!

CAREFUL, UNCLE! YOU'RE STILL TERRIBLY WEAK! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?



—FOR ALL WE KNOW, MARTHA, THIS COYOTE'S WORKIN' WITH THEM BANDITS!—ANYHOW, I GOT NO USE FOR CANE—CARRYIN' DUDES! GET OUT!

OKAY, POP.—IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT.—S'LONG, MARTHA!

LATER, AT THE DUDE RANCH...

—BAH!—PEDRO'S FEET KEEL HEEM!—BUT OVER THERE!—DOES THEES BRIGHT SUN PLAY TRICKS ON MY EYES?

NO!—EET EES!—TH' SAME MEDDLING GRINGO!—INEZ MUST BE TOLD OF THEES!—THEN PEDRO WEEL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF FINISHIN' OFF THEES SKUNK!







WELL!—WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?—WAS THAT YOUNG FILLY TOO MUCH FOR YOU?—IF YOU LET HER GET TO THE SHERIFF, I'LL...I'LL...

NO!—SHE DEED NOT!—BUT THERE EES A MEDDLESOME GRINGO!—COME, I'LL LEAD YOU TO HEEM!



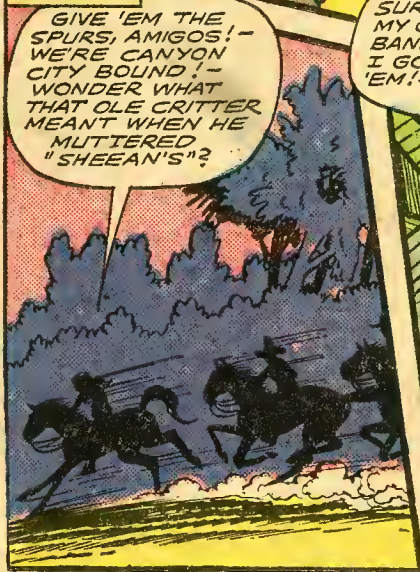
PEDRO'S RIGHT!—WE GOTTA SILENCE THIS RATTLESNAKE! HE'LL ONLY MAKE TROUBLE FOR US...



THERE! THAT DOES IT!—NOW HEAVE THIS HOMBRE INTO THE CLOSET...

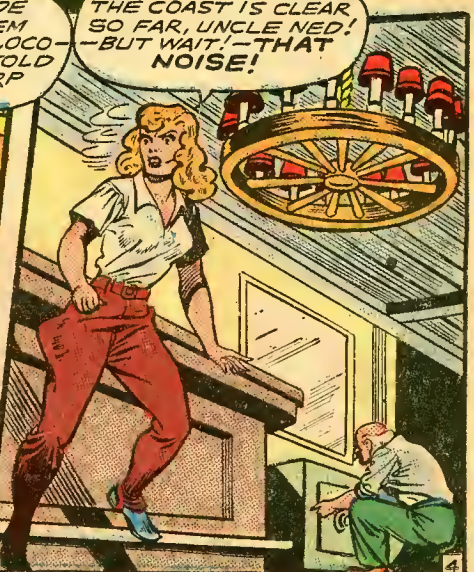
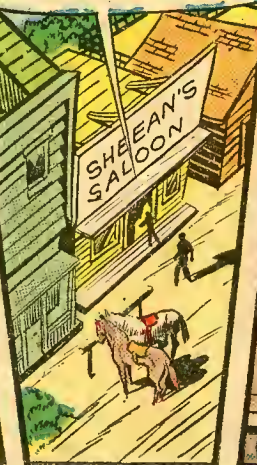
I'LL GET THE HORSES READY...C'MON OUT WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED BULLDOOZIN' THIS GUY!

SI, INEZ! WEEL MEET YOU AT THE CORRAL, PRONTO!



GIVE 'EM THE SPURS, AMIGOS!—WE'RE CANYON CITY BOUND!—WONDER WHAT THAT OLE CRITTER MEANT WHEN HE MUTTERED "SHEEAN'S"?

SURE I'MA GONNA REHIDE MY GOLD, MARTHA!—THEM BANDITS HAD ME PLUM LOCO—I GOT NO IDEA WHAT I TOLD 'EM!—YOU KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT!



THE COAST IS CLEAR SO FAR, UNCLE NED!—BUT WAIT!—THAT NOISE!



**MEANWHILE...**

**YOWEE!—THIS BUMP'S BIG AS A WATERMELON!—GOOD THING I WORE THAT DUDE HAT!—OTHERWISE I'D HAVE BEEN KNOCKED INTO NEXT WEEK!—BUT WHO...?**

**—WAIT! COULD HAVE BEEN THOSE BANDITS WHO DID IT!—THAT'D MEAN MARTHA'S IN BAD TROUBLE!—THAT ORNERY UNCLE ISN'T STOPPING ME THIS TIME!**

**—AN' THOSE TEXICAL TORPEDOS WOULDN'T HAVE THUMPED ME 'LESS THEY KNEW WHERE THE GOLD IS!—THAT MEANS CANYON CITY—C'MON, DOBBIN, THROW YOURSELF INTA HIGH GEAR!**



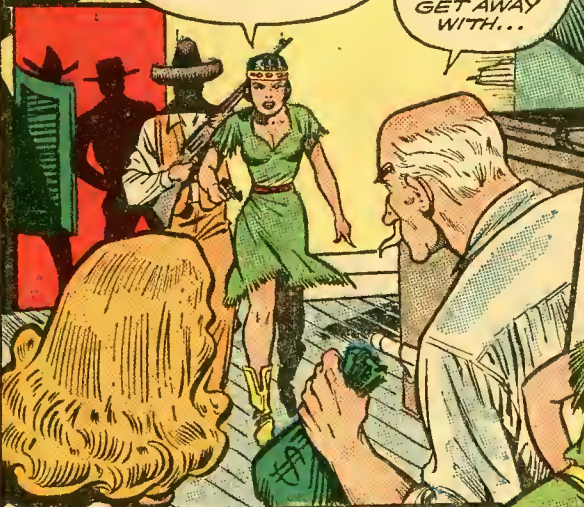
**A...**

**GRACIAS, YOU'OLE FOOL!—THIS SAVES US HAVIN' TO HUNT FOR THE NUGGETS!—NOW DROP THAT GOLD!**

**HOLD ON! A MINUTE!—YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET AWAY WITH...**

**I SAID, "DROP IT!"—AND THIS'LL PROVE THAT I MEAN WHAT I SAY!**

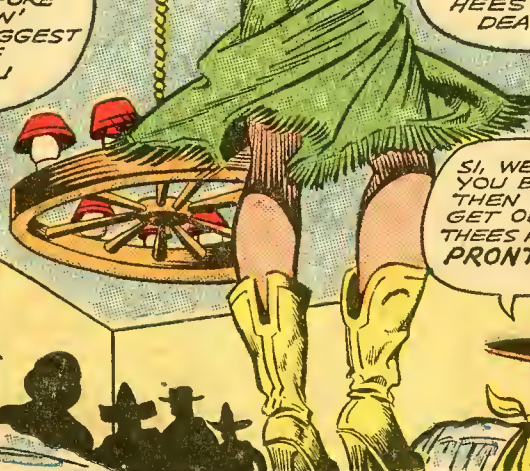
**VERY WELL, YOUNG LADY! BUT LEMME PROMISE YOU THIS...**



**—YOU WON'T BE TEN MINUTES OUTTA CANYON CITY BEFORE I'LL BE FOLLERIN' YOU WITH THE BIGGEST DANG POSSE OF HONEST MEN YOU EVER SEEN!**

**HO!—THEES LOCO OLD HOMBRE!—HE THEENKS HE'LL GET POSSE AFTER HEES COLD DEAD!**

**SI, WE KEEL YOU BOTH!—THEN WEEL GET OUTTA THEES PLACE! PRONTO!**





**W**HILE, ARRIVING IN THE SHADOWS  
OUTSIDE SHEEAN'S...

THERE THEY ARE! MY  
HUNCH WAS RIGHT!—  
BUT ALL FOUR OF 'EM  
ARE ARMED!— CAN'T  
POSSIBLY GET 'EM ALL  
BEFORE THEY SPIN AN'  
BLAST ME!—HEY, WAIT...

THIS HAS TO WORK!  
I'M BETTIN' MY  
LIFE ON IT!

MADRE MIO!—  
WHAT EES THEES?  
LOOK OUT!

—TOO LATE!  
CARAMBA!

SO, IT'S YOU,  
GRINGO!—AN'  
YOU'RE STILL  
MEDDLIN'...  
WELL...

NOT SO  
FAST,  
THERE,  
POCAHANTUS!

—TRY A SNIFFER OF  
THIS KNOCKOUT GAS!  
IT'S AWFUL GOOD FOR  
CLEARING THE HEAD  
OF ANY FOOLISH  
NOTIONS!

**S**OON...

—HOW'D YOU  
EVER THINK  
OF DROPPIN'  
THE WHEEL  
DOWN ON  
THOSE  
BANDITS?

SIMPLE,  
MARTHA!—FOR  
CUTTIN' UP IN  
SCHOOL I ONCE  
HAD TO WRITE  
THE LAW OF  
GRAVITY ONE-  
HUNDRED TIMES!  
BELIEVE ME, I'VE  
NEVER FORGOTTEN  
IT— BUT THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
KIND OF  
LAW...

—WHAT SAY WE TURN THESE  
MURDERIN' HOMBRES AN'  
THE HOMBRETTE OVER TO  
IT, RIGHT NOW?—LEAD  
THE WAY, POP!

—BE MORE'N GLAD  
TO, SON. AN' I SHORE  
OWE YOU AN' APOLOGY  
FOR THAT REMARK  
ABOUT YOU BEIN' A  
"CANE-CARRYIN'  
DUDE!"

**ZX-5 IN EVERY ISSUE OF  
JUMBO Comics!**



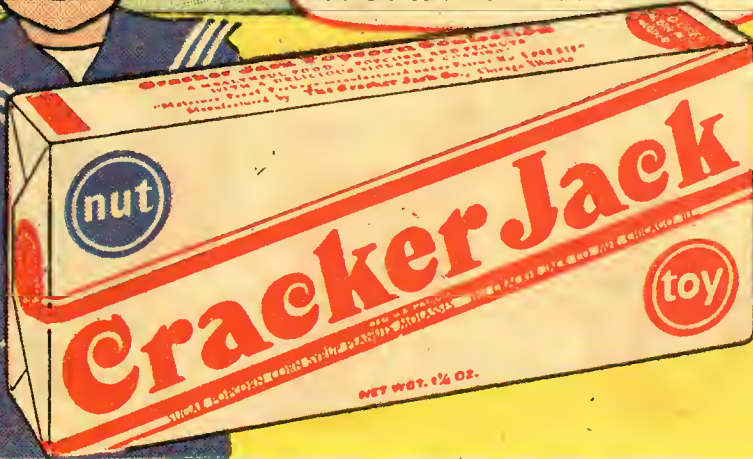
# THE BEST TREAT OF ALL Cracker Jack

CANDY COATED POPCORN *with* PEANUTS

and-There's a  
**SURPRISE NOVELTY**  
in Every Package



LOOK FOR  
**CRACKER JACK**  
AT PARKS-ZOOS-PICNICS-BALL  
GAMES-CARNIVALS-FAIRS-  
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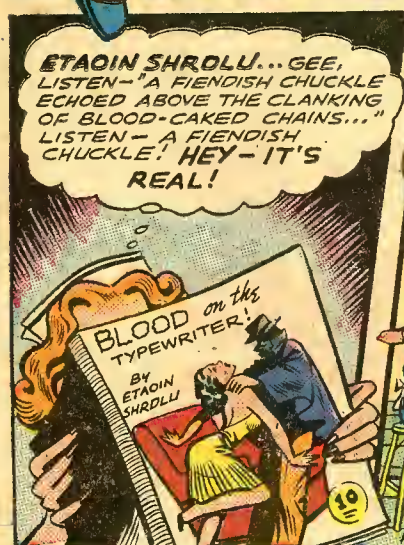


# SKY GIRL

BY  
BILL  
GIBSON



**H**ONESTLY, FOLKS, WE'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT OURSELVES. BUT GINGE CAN READ. JUST NOW SHE'S DEEPLY ENGROSSED IN A TALE OF TERROR BY...



ETAON SHROLU... GEE, LISTEN - "A FIENDISH CHUCKLE ECHOED ABOVE THE CLANKING OF BLOOD-CAKED CHAINS..." LISTEN - A FIENDISH CHUCKLE! HEY - IT'S REAL!



OH, GOLLY-NO! GO AWAY! MAYBE HE WILL, IF I JUST...

(ER)... WHAT'LL IT BE, MISTER?

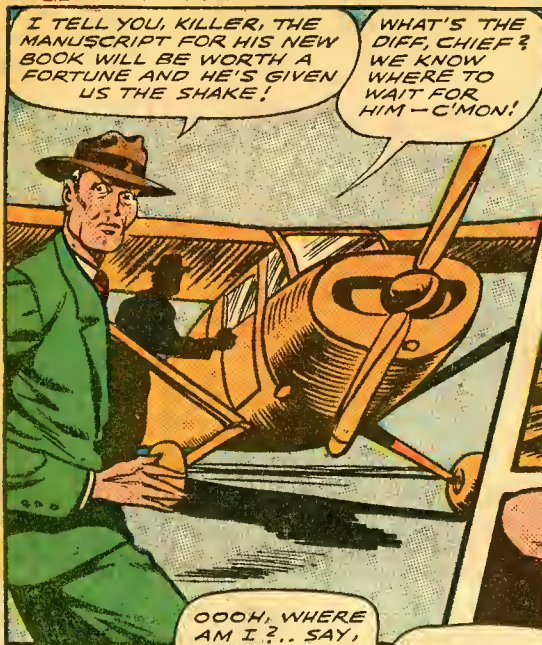


A CUP OF BLOOD...

OOOH!



**W**HILE NEARBY...



I TELL YOU, KILLER, THE MANUSCRIPT FOR HIS NEW BOOK WILL BE WORTH A FORTUNE AND HE'S GIVEN US THE SHAKE!

WHAT'S THE DIFF, CHIEF? WE KNOW WHERE TO WAIT FOR HIM—C'MON!



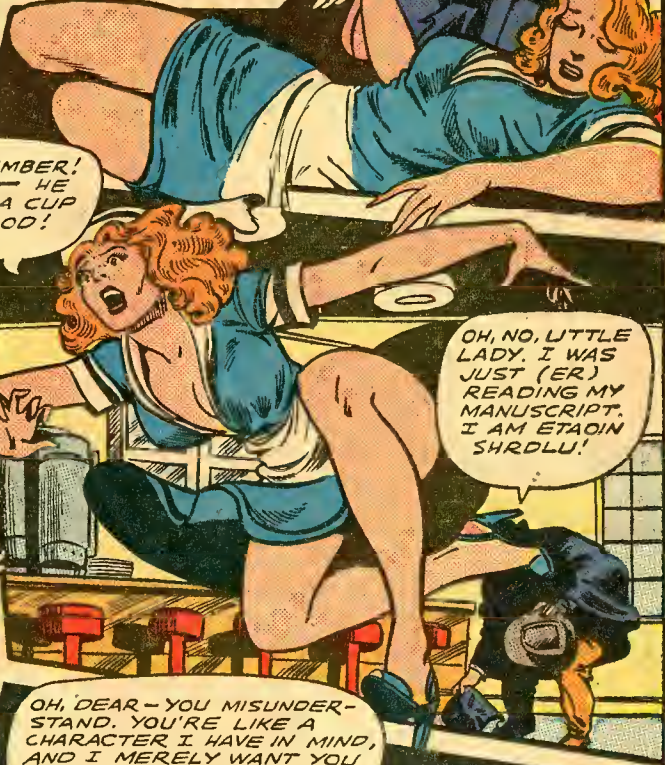
YOU'RE RIGHT, I SUPPOSE. WHEN HE GETS TO HORROR HOUSE THERE'LL BE A SURPRISE WAITING FOR ETAOIN SHRDLU!

**AS...**  
PLEASE, MISS... I DIDN'T MEAN TO FRIGHTEN YOU..

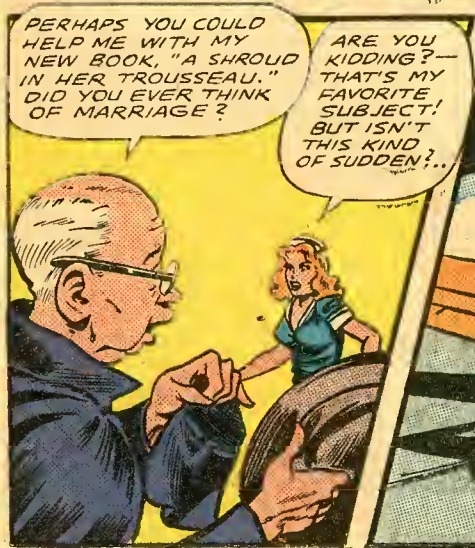


OOOH, WHERE AM I?... SAY, THAT MASK—EEK!

I REMEMBER! HELP— HE WANTS A CUP OF BLOOD!



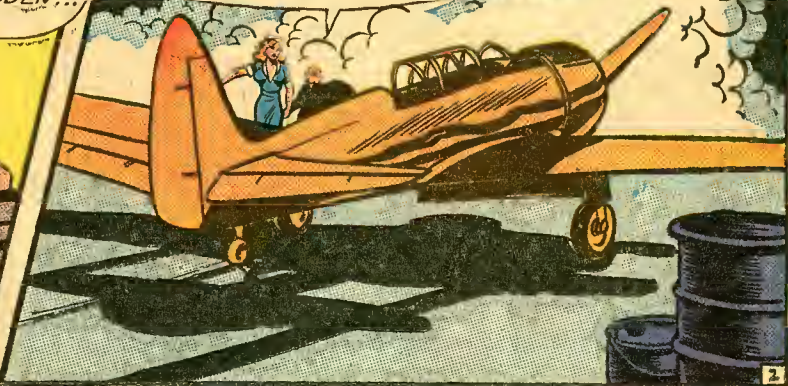
OH, NO, LITTLE LADY. I WAS JUST (ER) READING MY MANUSCRIPT. I AM ETAOIN SHRDLU!



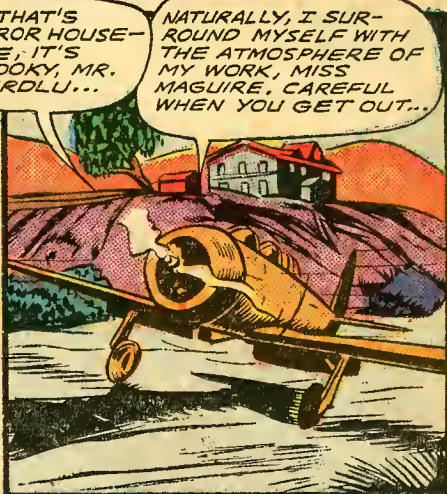
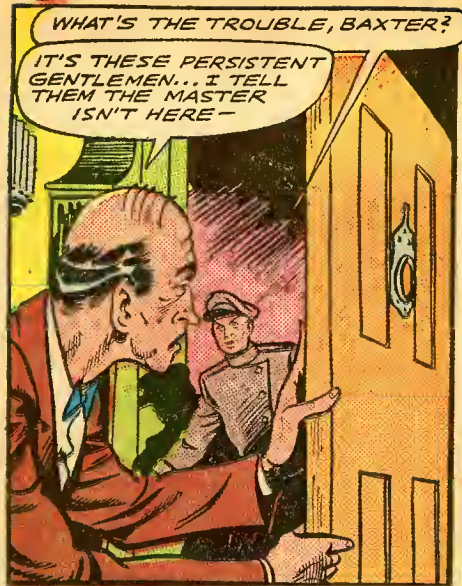
PERHAPS YOU COULD HELP ME WITH MY NEW BOOK, "A SHROUD IN HER TROUSSEAU." DID YOU EVER THINK OF MARRIAGE?

ARE YOU KIDDING?— THAT'S MY FAVORITE SUBJECT! BUT ISN'T THIS KIND OF SUDDEN?..

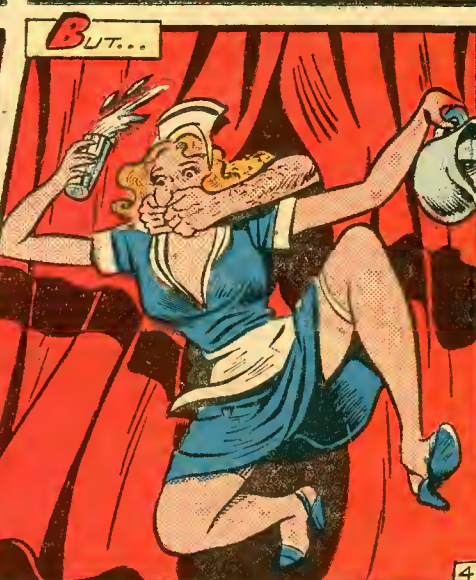
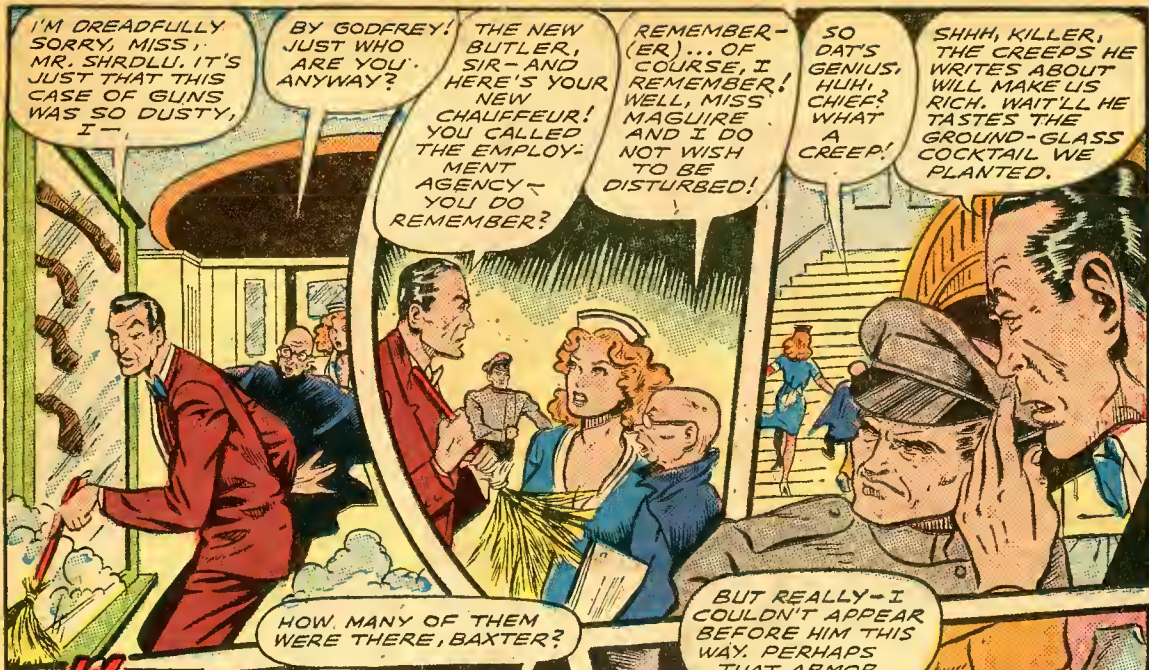
OH, DEAR— YOU MISUNDERSTAND. YOU'RE LIKE A CHARACTER I HAVE IN MIND, AND I MERELY WANT YOU TO FLY UP TO HORROR HOUSE WITH ME, AND—



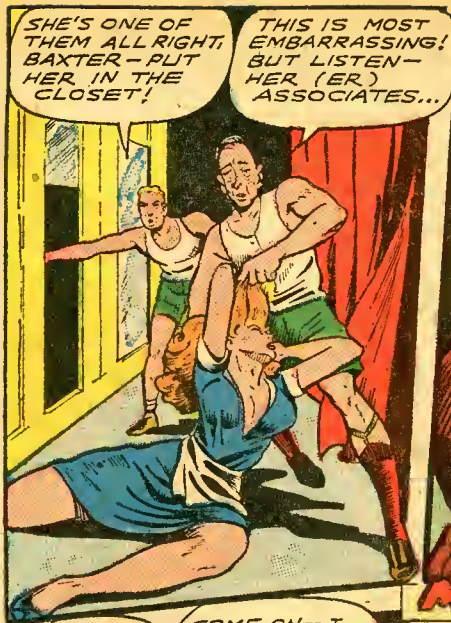






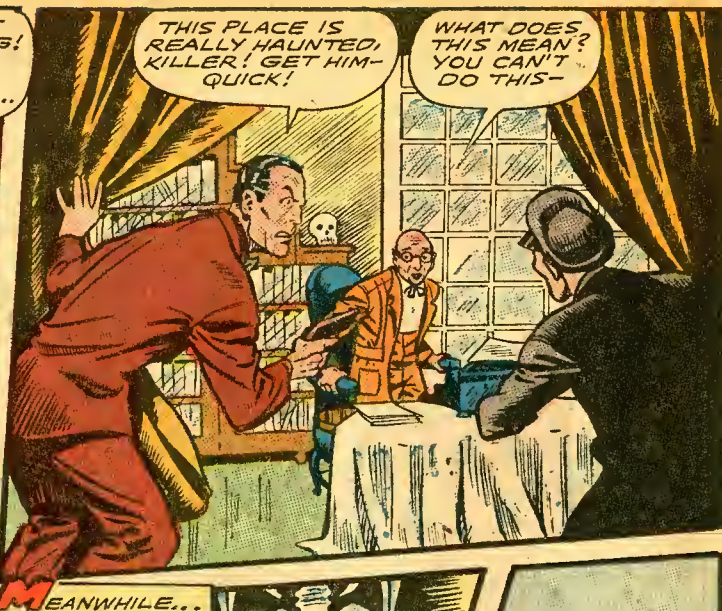






SHE'S ONE OF THEM ALL RIGHT, BAXTER - PUT HER IN THE CLOSET!

THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSING! BUT LISTEN - HER (ER) ASSOCIATES...



THIS PLACE IS REALLY HAUNTED, KILLER! GET HIM - QUICK!

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? YOU CAN'T DO THIS -



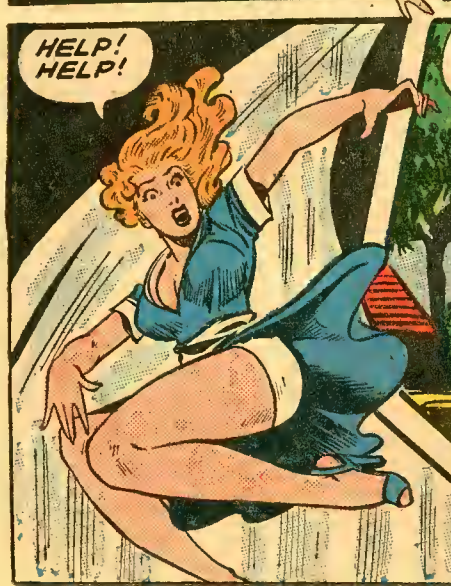
MEBBE NOT, BUT -

COME ON - I HAVE HIS MANUSCRIPT! LET'S GO -

WHERE AM I? (EEEK) THAT S-S-SKELETON! WHAT!



A TRAP-DOOR!



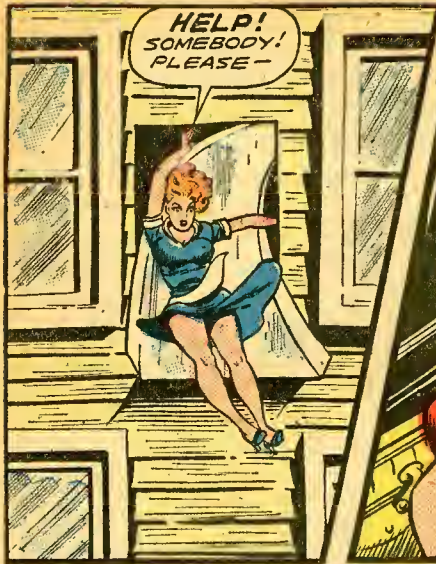
HELP! HELP!



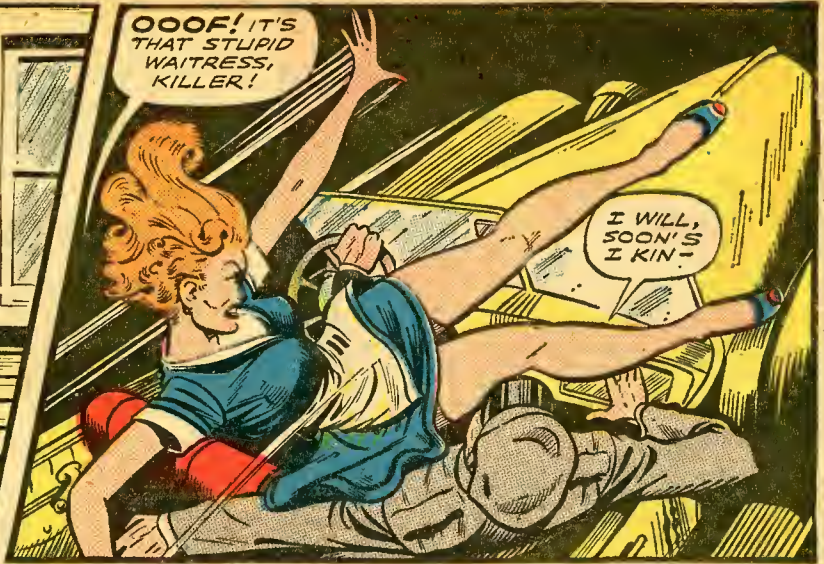
SHROLU'S CAR WILL GET US TO OUR PLANE, KILLER - WE'LL BE RICH!

CHIEF! HEY - LOOK! LOOK OUT!



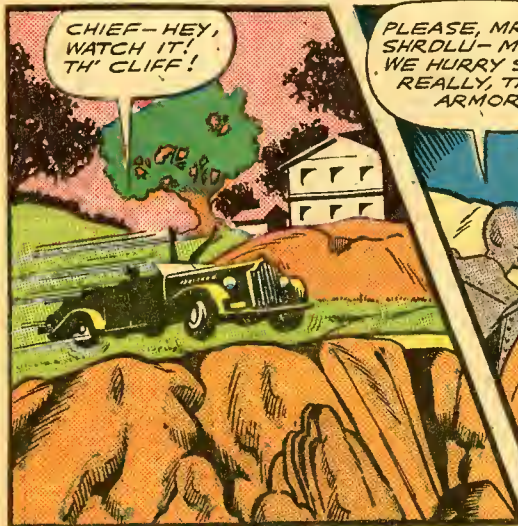


HELP!  
SOMEBODY!  
PLEASE—



OOOF! IT'S  
THAT STUPID  
WAITRESS,  
KILLER!

I WILL,  
SOON I'S  
I KIN—



CHIEF—HEY,  
WATCH IT!  
TH' CLIFF!



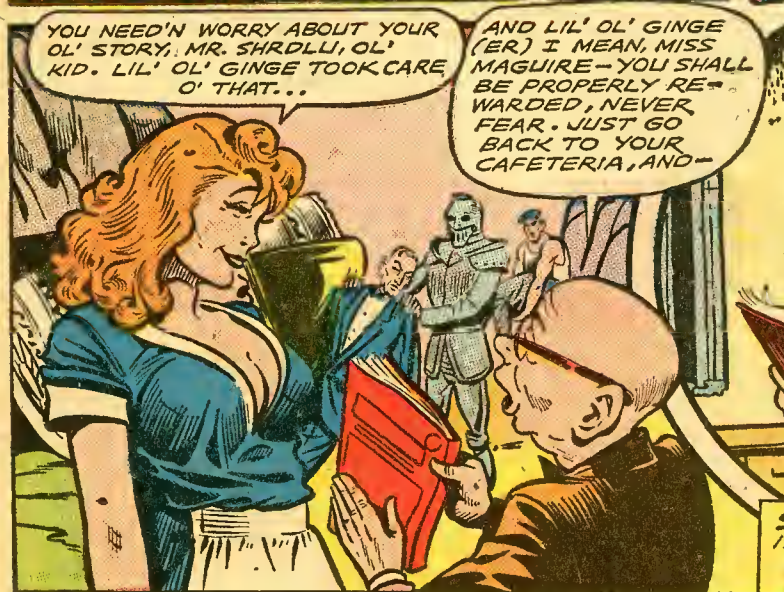
PLEASE, MR.  
SHRDLU—MUST  
WE HURRY SO?  
REALLY, THIS  
ARMOR...

BLAST  
THE  
ARMOR,  
BAXTER!



IT'S MY MANUSCRIPT  
I'M WORRIED ABOUT  
AND—MISS MAGUIRE!

HOW D'YOU  
LIKE THAT!  
FOR A  
REWARD, A  
FREE COPY  
OF HIS BOOK  
MAYBE I  
SHOULD TRY  
TO FIND A  
BARGAIN IN  
SHROUDS.



YOU NEED'N WORRY ABOUT YOUR  
OL' STORY, MR. SHRDLU, OL'  
KID. LIL' OL' GINGE TOOK CARE  
O' THAT...

AND LIL' OL' GINGE  
(ER) I MEAN, MISS  
MAGUIRE—YOU SHALL  
BE PROPERLY RE-  
WARDED, NEVER  
FEAR. JUST GO  
BACK TO YOUR  
CAFETERIA, AND—

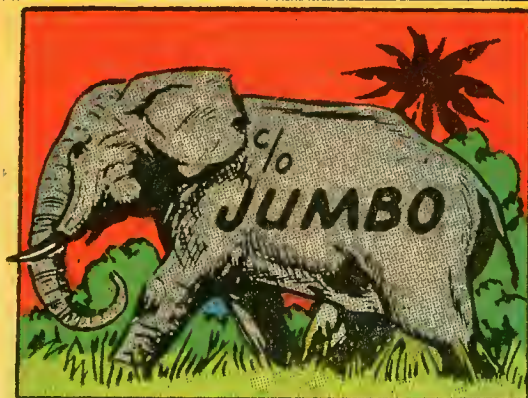


A SHIPWRECK  
IN HER  
SHROUDS

BY  
ETAOIN  
SHRDLU

SKY GIRL APPEARS IN EVERY  
ISSUE OF  
**JUMBO** Comics!





Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to let you—and Mr. W. Morgan Thomas—know how much SHEENA is appreciated by the fellows in my neighborhood. Super! Keep up the good work. Just now she seems to be causing more comment than the recent hurricanes. Unfortunately, I didn't become acquainted with the Jungle Queen until a year ago. I haven't missed a single installment since that time and certainly don't intend to in the future. I'm a bit older than the average comic reader, but SHEENA doesn't seem quite like a comic strip. Rather a play or movie, full of mystery and suspense and fast, hard-hitting action. The other features in your magazine are good, but SHEENA is the reason I buy it month after month. That's about all I have to say. Thanks for a very interesting feature.

Charles "Buddy" Rosen

Covington, Kentucky

Dear Editor:

I like your comic best of all on the newsstands. I like everything about it and don't think I would like it if there were any changes made. Keep up the good work.

Patty Jean Carter

Truro, N. S., Canada

Dear Sir:

I just started reading your book a little while ago but I have read all I can find which is quite a large number. I like SHEENA and THE HAWK best and next comes GHOST GALLERY. I wish you could make GHOST GALLERY scarier because it is a little tame now. I agree with V. W. Hitt, that THE HAWK should pay more attention to Velvet. I would, ZX-5 is good, but let him lose that cane for good, will you? SKY GIRL is not so hot. No one on this earth would make those wise-cracks like she does. I like your letter page a lot. I wish that Bob would find himself a leopard skin like SHEENA's. Yours for more SHEENA and Velvet.

David Peel

New York City

Dear Editor:

Russel Hicks and Morris Seigel are both crazy, arguing about what SHEENA Fan Club is the oldest and biggest. I'll bet there are a hundred SHEENA Fan Clubs in New York bigger than either of theirs. She's our club mascot.

Mickey O'Flaherty

Midland, Michigan

Dear Sirs:

I enjoy your comic very much. I think you could add a little more adventure to SHEENA and GHOST GALLERY and leave out STUART TAYLOR and add more rough fighting to THE HAWK. Please try to improve SKY GIRL and ZX-5. Thank you very much. I try to read every issue of your comic and think it is a help in my studies.

Patsy Smith

Benton Harbor, Michigan

Dear Editor:

I like your book very much. SHEENA is my favorite. Why don't you have SKY GIRL meet a cute man and have her like him and not be so crazy? Tell Maisy Brown if she doesn't like THE HAWK she doesn't have to read him. I think THE HAWK should pay more attention to Velvet. I think all of the stories are very, very good. From one of your readers,

Joyce Phillips

Germantown, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I think your comic stinks. It is the worst on the market. I wouldn't think of wasting my money on your book. Our club voted not to read it.

Larry Snyder

Oak Ridge, Tennessee

Dear Editor:

Yours is a very excellent magazine. My favorites are 1) SHEENA, 2) GHOST GALLERY, and 3) THE HAWK. SKY GIRL ought to lose herself. STU TAYLOR should take a trip to far-off Pluto and misplace that dopey time machine for a couple of centuries. ZX-5's cane does more than ZX-5 himself. Let that guy take a trip with his cane. Outside of that you've got a swell magazine.

Donald Fanning

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor:

If I could be any character in your book, I'd be Drew Murdoch because ghost stories are my favorite. I like GHOST GALLERY best. Keep it in.

Melvin Johnson

That's all that space will allow this month. What would you do if you were editor? What character would you rather be if you had your choice? This is your page in your magazine. Let's have your views.

The Editor

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**\$3.49**

Sorry, No C.O.D. Orders at These Cash Prices

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WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

GUARDS  
HEAD INN

MANHATTAN'S  
FAMOUS SKYLINE!-  
SURE IS A BEAUT,  
EH, LAURA?

IT CERTAINLY IS, STU—BUT CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW IT MUST HAVE LOOKED BEFORE ALL THESE SKY-SCRAPERS WERE BUILT?

NO NEED TO  
IMAGINE! I'LL SET  
THE TIME MACHINE  
BACK TO ABOUT  
1650 AND WE'LL  
SEE JUST HOW IT  
LOOKED!...READY?

**ZOOM...**

THERE SHE IS!  
THEY HAVEN'T  
NAMED IT NEW  
YORK YET, IT'S  
STILL NEW  
AMSTERDAM.





GEE, WHAT FUNNY  
LOOKING LITTLE  
WINDING STREETS...  
HEY, ISN'T THAT A  
NOTICE OF SOME  
SORT TACKLED UP  
ON THE WALL  
OVER THERE?

YOU'RE  
RIGHT,  
LAURA!  
— A  
PUBLIC  
NOTICE...

LOOKS LIKE  
OLE PEG-LEG  
PETE STUYVESANT'S  
HAVING HIMSELF  
SOME INJUN  
TROUBLE!

HMM... METHINKS THOSE  
THREE STRANGERS  
YONDER TREAT THE  
SUBJECT WITH GREAT  
LEVITY, I WONDER IF  
THEY COULD BE... WHY,  
THERE'S ELDER  
STUYVESANT— MUST  
REPORT THIS TO HIM!

I GUESS  
RUM, GUNS  
AND RED-  
SKINS DON'T  
MIX, HUH?

### 500 GUILDERS

FOR INFORMATION  
LEADING TO ARREST  
AND CAPTURE OF  
PERSONS SELLING  
RUM AND GUNS TO  
NATIVES!

Peter  
Stuyvesant

PAUSE  
IN YOUR  
LABORS,  
ELDER  
STUYVESANT!  
LOOK! I  
BE CON-  
VINCED  
THOSE  
THREE BE  
THE  
INDIAN  
TRADERS!

WHAT  
SAYEST  
THOU?—  
THEN  
LET US  
MAKE HASTE  
AN' CAPTURE  
THESE  
KNAVES!

—IN THE NAME OF THE  
COLONY OF NEW NETHER-  
LANDS THOU BECOMETH  
MY PRISONERS FOR  
ILLICIT TRADING WITH  
THE NATIVES!

WHY, IT'S OLE PETE  
HIMSELF! — HOLD ON,  
YOU'RE MAKING A  
KING-SIZED MISTAKE!

**A**S, NEARBY...

SURE, ME HEARTY, AN'  
JUST GLANCIN' AT TH'  
CART HERE, WOULDN'T  
THO SAYEST 'TIS FILLED  
WITH A HARMLESS LOAD  
O' CALICO FOR THE  
INJUNS? — BUT, LEMME  
SHOW YOU...

LOOK! — IF THAT  
AIN'T A SMALL  
FORTUNE IN ARMS  
AN' RUM, THEN  
I'VE YET TO  
SEE ONE!

CLEVER! — VAN DORN,  
THOU ART THE  
CLEVER ONE! — BUT  
COME, LET US TRADE  
THIS "CALICO" FOR A  
HUGE BAGFUL OF  
GLISTENIN' GUILDERS!





NOW IF THOU WILT  
COME PEACEFULLY...  
ZOUNDS!-'TIS  
MOHICA, OUR  
FRIENDLY  
GUIDE!

HAIL!-GREAT  
WHITE RULER  
WITH LEG OF  
HEMLOCK...

-MY PEOPLE  
HAVE FIRE WATER  
AND LOUD THUNDER-  
STICK!-AGAIN THEY  
MAKE WILD  
CELEBRATION!

-BUT 'TIS FOR THE LAST  
TIME, MOHICA!-I'VE JUST  
CAPTURED: THESE  
THREE TRADERS WHO  
WHO SOLD YOUR TRIBE  
THE CONTRABAND!

NO!- MOHICA  
KNOW TRADERS!-  
THESE NOT ONES!  
-AND BRAVES SAY  
SECOND SHIP-  
MENT DUE!

SOON, ON A ROAD OUTSIDE  
NEW AMSTERDAM...

-REMEMBER, LADDIES- HALT EVERY  
CART, AN' INSPECT TH' CARGO! PETER  
STUYVESANT'LL MAKE SHORT WORK  
O' THIS TRAFFICKIN' WITH TH' INDIANS!-  
AH, YOUR FIRST CUSTOMER  
APPROACHES!- I MUST GO ALERT  
THE OTHER  
GUARDS!

WHAT'S THIS  
FOOLISHNESS?  
ART THOU SO  
BLIND THOU  
CANNOT SEE  
'TIS A LOAD  
OF CALICO?

SORRY, FRIEND-  
THOSE ARE THE  
ORDERS! NOW IF  
THOU WILT KINDLY  
STEP TO THE  
GROUND...

... STEP TO THE GROUND-  
I SHALT NOT!-BUT I'LL OBLIGE,  
BY STOMPIN' THEE TO THE  
GROUND!- STUPID DUNDERHEAD!

HELP!  
ELDER  
STUYVESA...  
OHH!

-THAT SHOUT!  
HEY, LOOK, PETE!  
-THE CART'S  
ESCAPING!

LASH THE BRUTES,  
VAN DORN!- 'TIS ONLY  
A SHORT DISTANCE TO  
THE RAFTS!- ONCE  
THERE, WE CAN ROW  
TO SAFETY...





EXCELLENT, VAN DORN!— THIS IS THE LAST O' THE CARGO!

AYE, OLE PEG-LEG CAN'T STOP US NOW! WE'VE ONLY TO ROW ACROSS THE HUDSON TO WHERE THE RED-SKIN CHIEF AWAITS...

—AN' WE SHALT HAVE GUILDERS ENOUGH TO LAST A LIFE-TIME!— HEAVE ON THAT POLE, LAZY LOUT!

—YOU HEARD HIM, PETE!— C'MON, WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR...

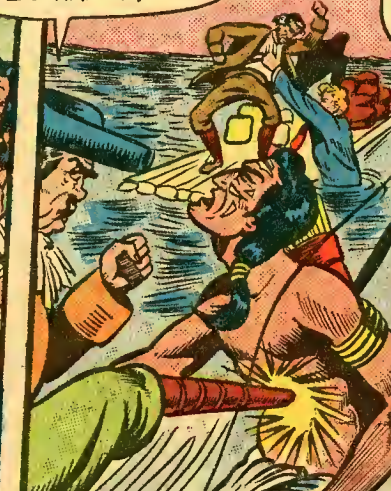


THE FIRST RAFT'S ALREADY PULLED AWAY, LAURA!

HOLD, THOU RED DISCIPLE O' TH' DEVIL!— I'VE A SURPRISE FOR THEE!

THERE!— WHEN I LOST ME LIMB, BACK IN '44, I NEVER DREAMED THIS PEG WOULD COME IN SO HANDY!

YES, AND... LOOK OUT, STU! THE POLE!



—BACK, SWINE!— THINK THEE THAT DEFEAT OF A CLEVER MAN LIKE VAN DORN COMES SO CHEAP?

—HO, NO!— AN' NOW WE GO TO TRADE THIS CARGO FOR A TIDY PROFIT!

COME BACK— INSOLENT, BLACK-HEARTED... THIS TIME THE SNIVELIN' CURS GOT AWAY FOR SURE!





-WHAT DEVILTRY BE THIS?? PULLIN' THE LACE FROM ME THROAT!

NEVER SAY DIE, PETE! JUST HAPPENED TO THINK OF AN OLD TRICK I ONCE SAW IN THE MOVIES!

LET'S SEE, NOW...THE RECIPE WENT LIKE THIS: TAKE ONE PIECE OF LACE, ONE ARROW, MIX WELL OVER A HOT FLAME, THEN ADD ONE TAUT BOW.

WHAT IN THE WORLD, STU...?

-HANG ON, PETE!- IF THIS WORKS, YOUR 'TRADIN' TROUBLES'LL BE 'OVER!

-THE FLAMING ARROW!- HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE POWDER KEG!

LOOK OUT!



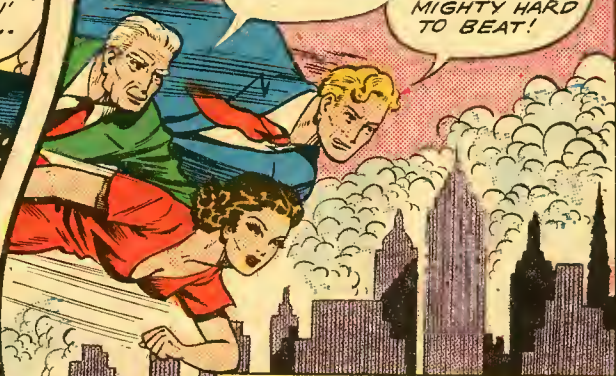
MARVELOUS, ME BOY!- IN ONE FELL SWOOP THOU HAST FINISHED OFF THE ILLICIT TRADERS AN' THEIR CONTRABAND! BUT, THOU MENTIONED "MOVIES"... AN' I SAW THE AUTOMATIC CANDLE... I... I CANNOT FATHOM...?

ZOOM!

WELL, KIDS, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF NEW YORK- 1650 STYLE?

I'LL TELL YOU, DOC!- ME THINKETH TH' OLE PRESENT DAY NEW YORK'S MIGHTY HARD TO BEAT!

-IT'S PRETTY COMPLICATED STUFF- WE BETTER JUST SKIP IT, PETE! S'LONG FOR NOW! OKAY, DOC, PUSH THE BUTTON...



STUART TAYLOR IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!



# THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW MURDOCH

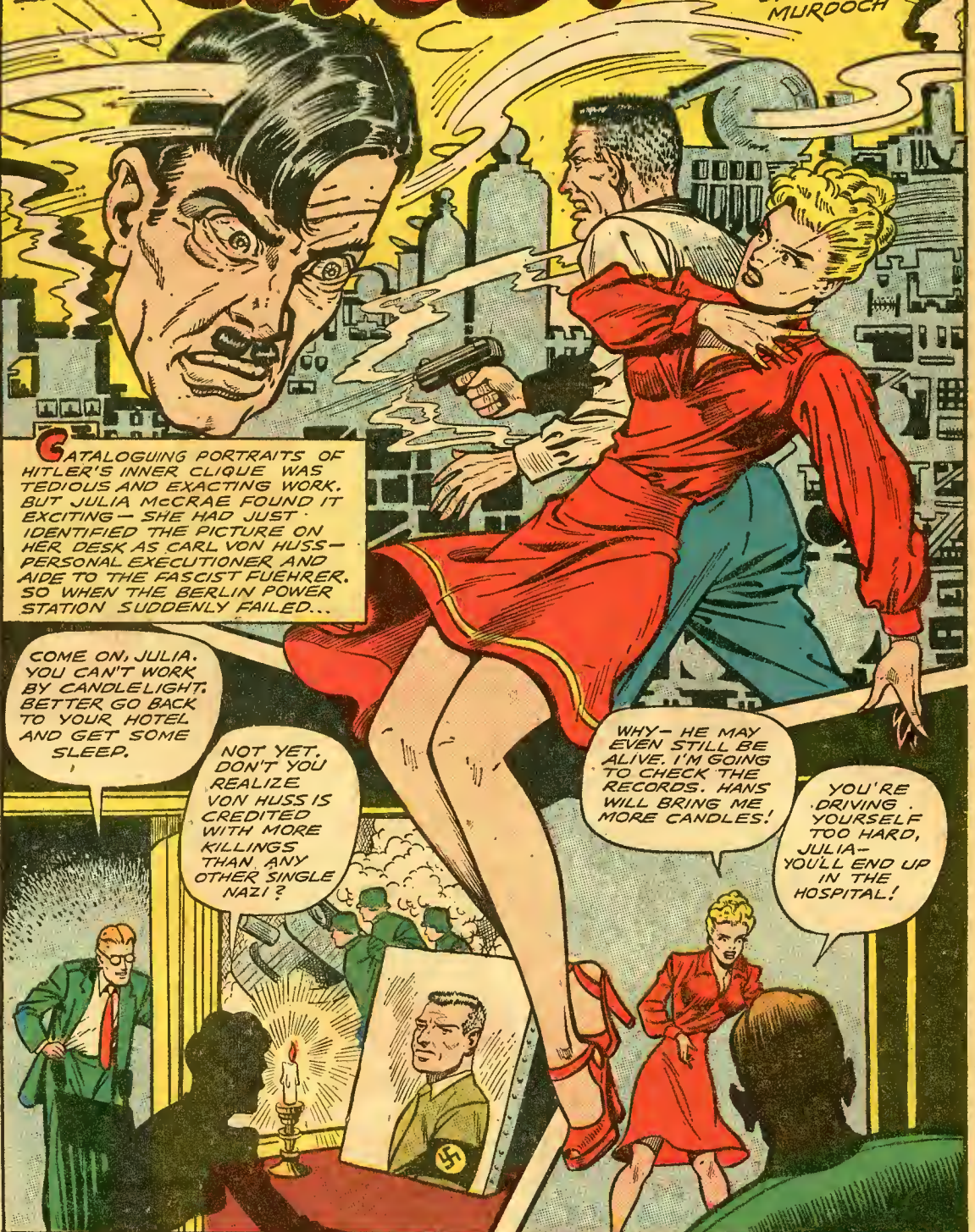
**C**ATALOGUING PORTRAITS OF HITLER'S INNER CLIQUE WAS TEDIOUS AND EXACTING WORK. BUT JULIA MCCRAE FOUND IT EXCITING—SHE HAD JUST IDENTIFIED THE PICTURE ON HER DESK AS CARL VON HUSS—PERSONAL EXECUTIONER AND AIDE TO THE FASCIST FUEHRER. SO WHEN THE BERLIN POWER STATION SUDDENLY FAILED...

COME ON, JULIA. YOU CAN'T WORK BY CANDLELIGHT. BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR HOTEL AND GET SOME SLEEP.

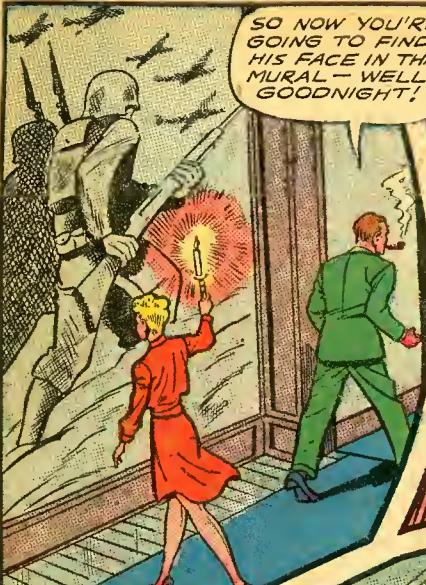
NOT YET. DON'T YOU REALIZE VON HUSS IS CREDITED WITH MORE KILLINGS THAN ANY OTHER SINGLE NAZI?

WHY—HE MAY EVEN STILL BE ALIVE. I'M GOING TO CHECK THE RECORDS. HANS WILL BRING ME MORE CANDLES!


YOU'RE DRIVING YOURSELF TOO HARD, JULIA—YOU'LL END UP IN THE HOSPITAL!







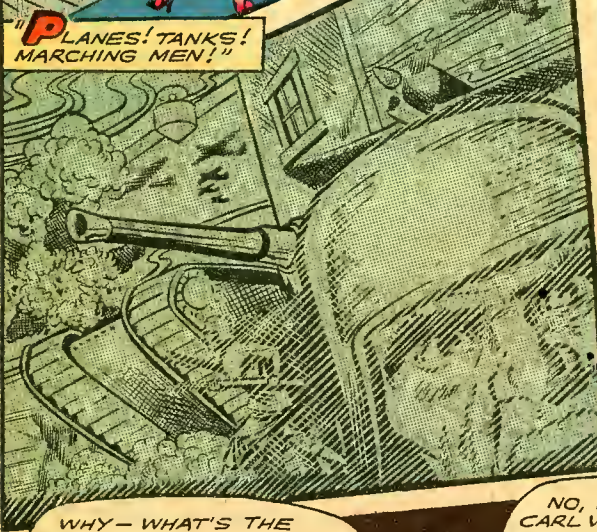
SO NOW YOU'RE GOING TO FIND HIS FACE IN THAT MURAL—WELL—GOODNIGHT!




THANK HEAVEN HE'S GONE. NOW TO LOCATE VON HUSS. BUT I'VE STUDIED THESE FACES SO OFTEN, I ALMOST KNOW THEM BY HEART. WHAT!




THEY'RE COMING TO LIFE!



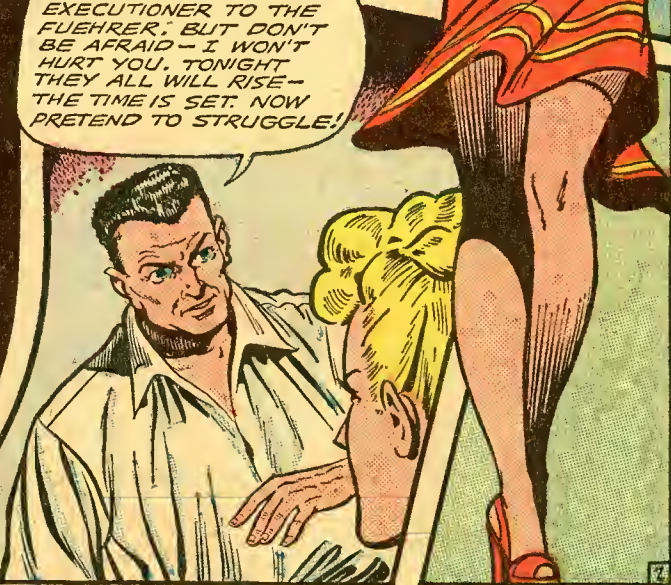
**"P**LANES! TANKS! MARCHING MEN!"



IT'S HITLER'S ARMY ON THE MARCH AGAIN! IT'S THE START OF A THIRD WORLD WAR! STOP THEM—STOP THEM!

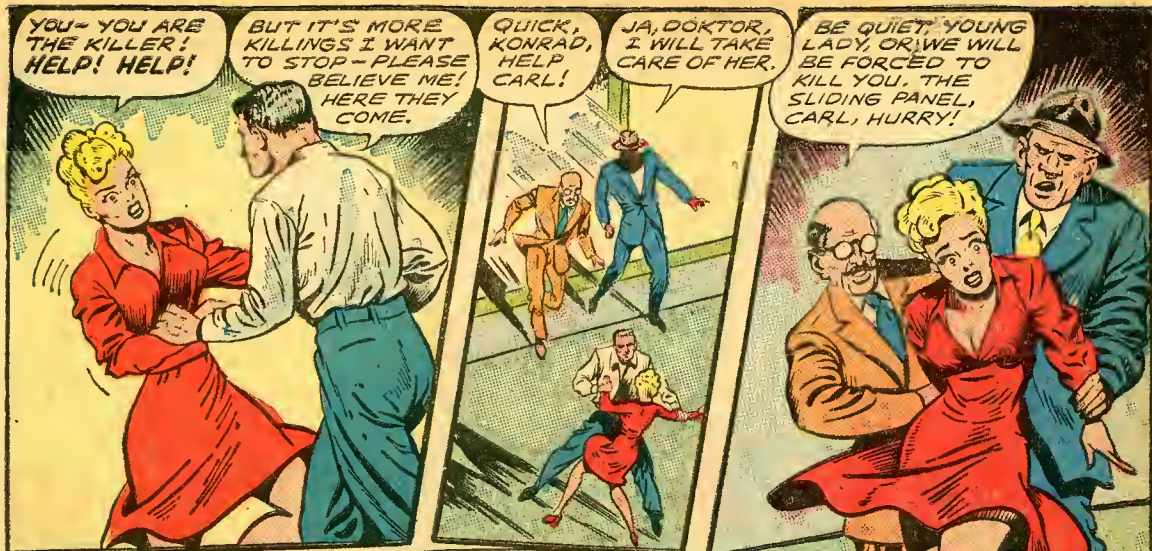


WHY—WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? THERE'S NOTHING THERE—MAYBE I AM WORKING TOO HARD—WHAT! HANS!



NO, MISS MCCRAE, CARL VON HUSS—HEAD EXECUTIONER TO THE FUEHRER; BUT DON'T BE AFRAID—I WON'T HURT YOU. TONIGHT THEY ALL WILL RISE—THE TIME IS SET. NOW PRETEND TO STRUGGLE!





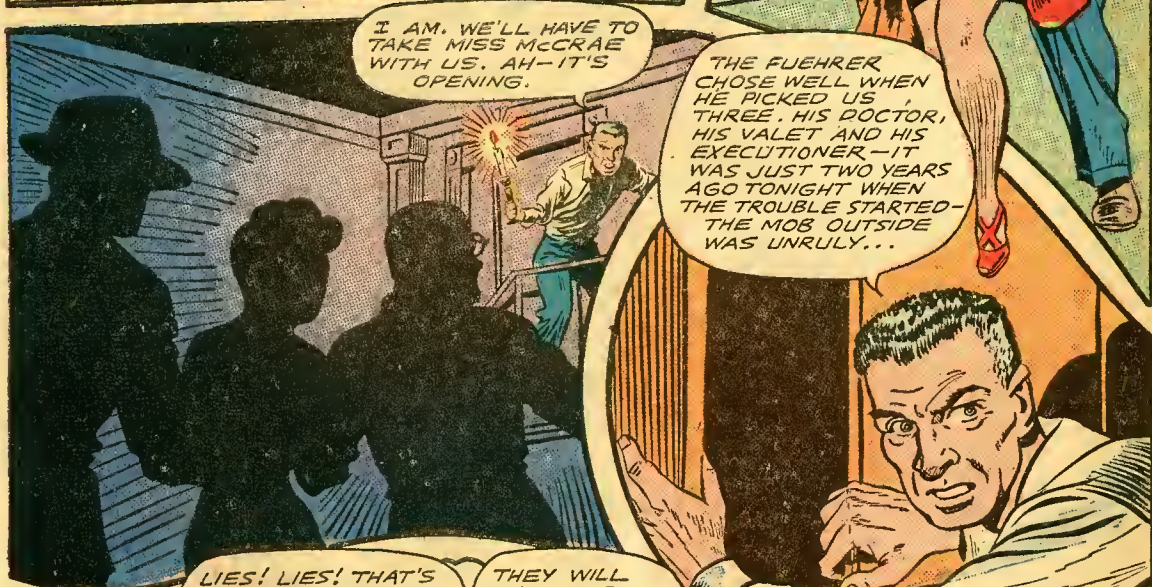
YOU- YOU ARE THE KILLER! HELP! HELP!

BUT IT'S MORE KILLINGS I WANT TO STOP- PLEASE BELIEVE ME! HERE THEY COME.

QUICK, KONRAD, HELP CARL!

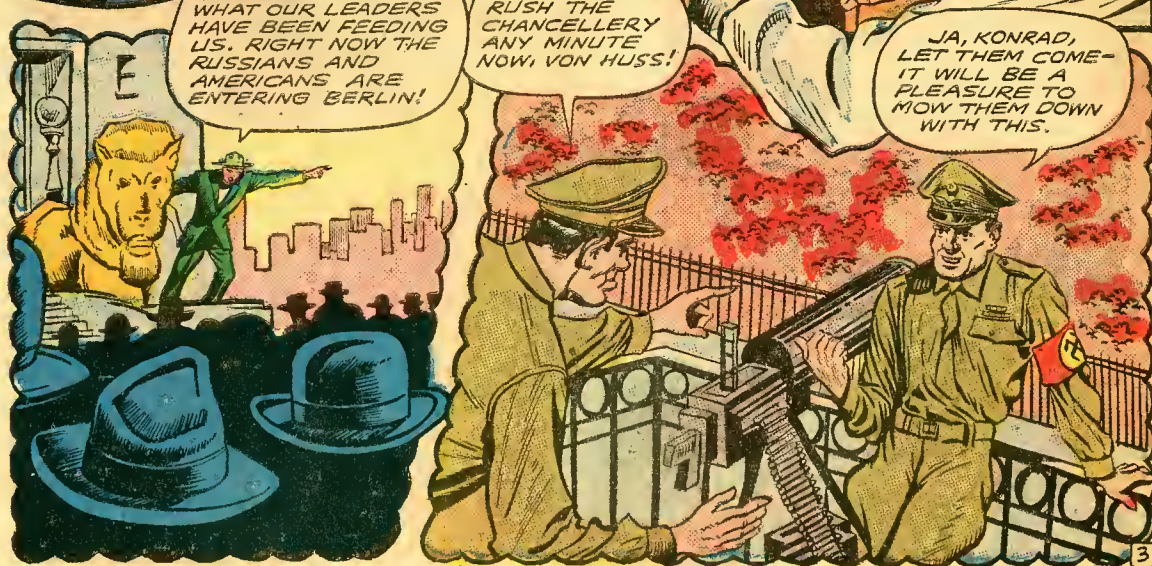
JA, DOKTOR, I WILL TAKE CARE OF HER.

BE QUIET, YOUNG LADY, OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO KILL YOU. THE SLIDING PANEL, CARL, HURRY!



I AM. WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE MISS MCCRAE WITH US. AH- IT'S OPENING.

THE FUEHRER CHOSE WELL WHEN HE PICKED US THREE. HIS DOCTOR, HIS VALET AND HIS EXECUTIONER- IT WAS JUST TWO YEARS AGO TONIGHT WHEN THE TROUBLE STARTED- THE MOB OUTSIDE WAS UNRULY...



LIES! LIES! THAT'S WHAT OUR LEADERS HAVE BEEN FEEDING US. RIGHT NOW THE RUSSIANS AND AMERICANS ARE ENTERING BERLIN!

THEY WILL RUSH THE CHANCELLERY ANY MINUTE NOW, VON HUSS!

JA, KONRAD, LET THEM COME- IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO MOW THEM DOWN WITH THIS.





HERE THEY COME. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, KONRAD!

NO, CARL, IT'S IM-POSSIBLE-COME ON!

BUT THIS IS MY JOB-TO KILL-KILL! I WON'T STOP NOW-BUT WHERE WILL IT END?

IN YOUR OWN DEATH IF YOU DON'T HURRY. OUR PEOPLE HAVE TURNED AGAINST US. THE WAR IS LOST, SO WE WILL USE PLAN Z.

PLAN Z? YES-I FORGOT-LET'S GO!

SO THEN YOU LEFT THE BALCONY AND CAME HERE WITH KONRAD?

JA, AND JUST TEN MINUTES LATER THE MOB BROKE INTO THE CHANCELLERY.

BUT THEY DIDN'T FIND OUR LEADERS, DID THEY, DOKTOR?

NEIN. ONLY THE THREE OF US KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM. THERE'S THE DOOR.



JUST AS WE LEFT IT TWO YEARS AGO. AND NOW FOR THE TEST.

TO FIND OUT IF IT WAS ALL IN VAIN- OR IF PLAN Z FAILED, HERE'S THE ANTEROOM. YOU CAN SET MISS McCRAE DOWN NOW, KONRAD!

AND THAT'S THE GUN YOU USED, CARL... REMEMBER?

JA... HOW COULD I FORGET? EVERY-ONE IN THAT ROOM WAS MY FRIEND. THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT THE FALL OF BERLIN...



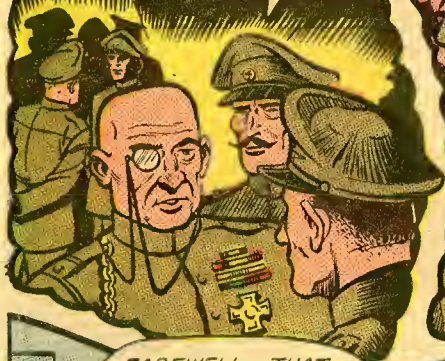


OUR MISTAKE  
WAS IN GOADING  
JAPAN TO ATTACK  
AMERICA.

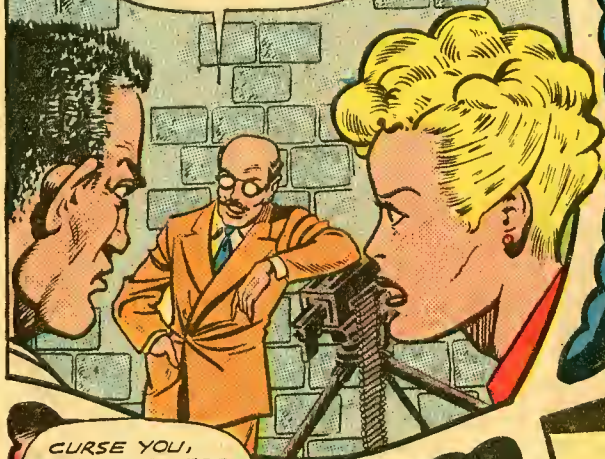
JA, NOR  
SHOULD WE  
HAVE VIOLATED  
THE RUSSIAN NON-  
AGGRESSION PACT.  
BUT IT IS TOO LATE  
NOW FOR REGRETS.  
WHAT IS OUR FUEHRER'S  
NEXT MOVE?

HE WILL ANSWER  
THAT HIMSELF—  
HERE HE COMES—  
HEIL!

HEIL! THE NEWS IS BAD,  
MY FRIENDS. THE THIRD  
REICH HAS FALLEN.  
THIS IS MY FAREWELL!



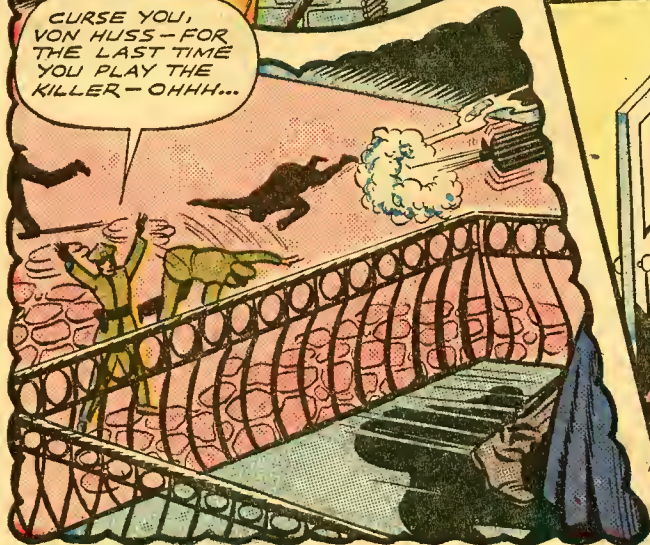
FAREWELL — THAT  
WAS THE FUEHRER'S  
SIGNAL WORD, THEN  
YOU STARTED SHOOT-  
ING, CARL.



ACH... WE ARE  
BETRAYED — IT  
IS CARL VON HUSS,  
THE BUTCHER!



CURSE YOU,  
VON HUSS — FOR  
THE LAST TIME  
YOU PLAY THE  
KILLER — OHHH...



AND THAT WAS THE END,  
WASN'T IT, CARL? ONLY  
KONRAD, YOU AND I RE-  
MAINED TO EXECUTE PLAN  
Z. AND THIS IS THE VERY  
ROOM WHERE YOU MASS-  
ACRED THEM.





THOSE BONES—THE  
REMAINS OF OUR  
ASSOCIATES WHO HAD  
TO DIE BECAUSE OUR  
FUEHRER TRUSTED US  
THREE ALONE IN THE  
EXECUTION OF PLAN Z.

IT WAS MY JOB  
TO KILL THEM AND  
I DID IT—LOOK—  
I CAN SEE THEIR  
GHOSTS STARING  
AT ME—WHISPERING—  
LOOK AT THEM!

CARL VON  
HUSS, THE  
BUTCHER  
IS BACK!

YES, THAT IS HIM.  
HE IS HERE TO  
PREPARE THE  
WORLD FOR MORE  
KILLINGS!



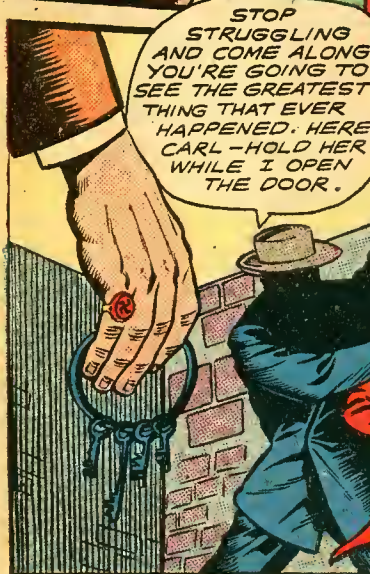
I CAN'T STAND  
IT—LET'S GET  
OUT OF HERE,  
QUICK!

CARL—COME TO  
YOUR SENSES—  
THERE'S NO ONE  
HERE BUT US  
THREE AND THE  
GIRL. OPEN THE  
DOOR!

QUIET—DO  
YOU HEAR  
ME?—QUIET!

PLEASE  
LET ME GO—  
PLEASE!

LET GO  
OF ME—  
LET  
GO!

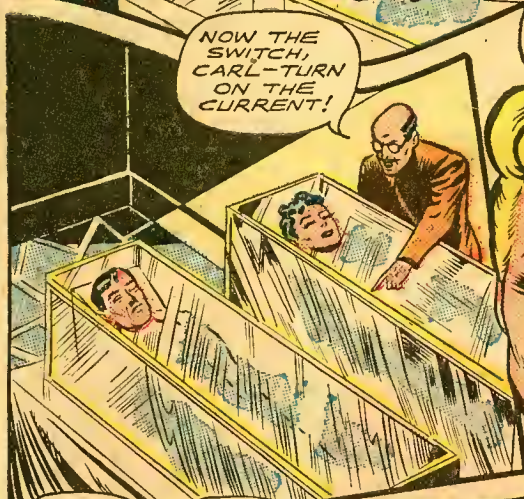


STOP  
STRUGGLING  
AND COME ALONG.  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
SEE THE GREATEST  
THING THAT EVER  
HAPPENED. HERE,  
CARL—HOLD HER  
WHILE I OPEN  
THE DOOR.

HUSH, MISS  
MCCRAE, DON'T  
BE AFRAID—  
THIS WILL BE  
THE LAST  
KILLING—I  
SWEAR IT!







TWO DEAD PEOPLE—ONE IS HITLER!

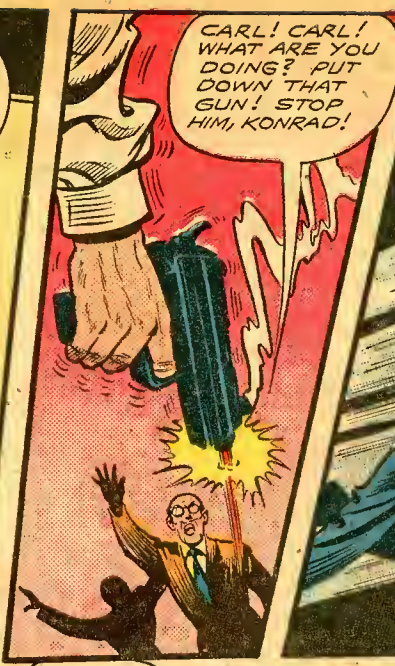
YES, MISS McCRAE—BUT THEY AREN'T DEAD—LOOK!







PLAN Z IS A SUCCESS! FOR TWO LONG YEARS YOU SLEPT IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION—AND NOW, MY FUEHRER, YOU RISE TO REBUILD OUR EMPIRE. WHAT!



CARL! CARL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? PUT DOWN THAT GUN! STOP HIM, KONRAD!



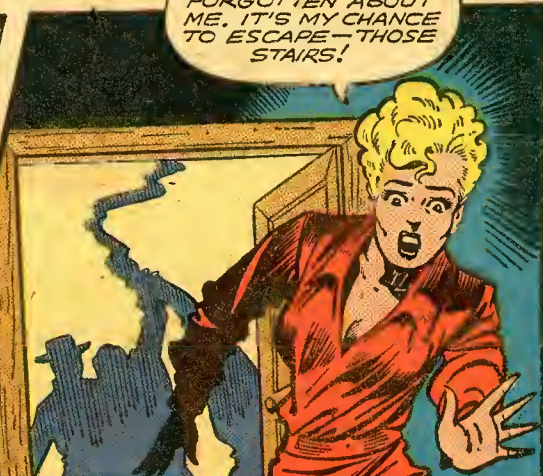
QUICK, DOKTOR. HELP ME!



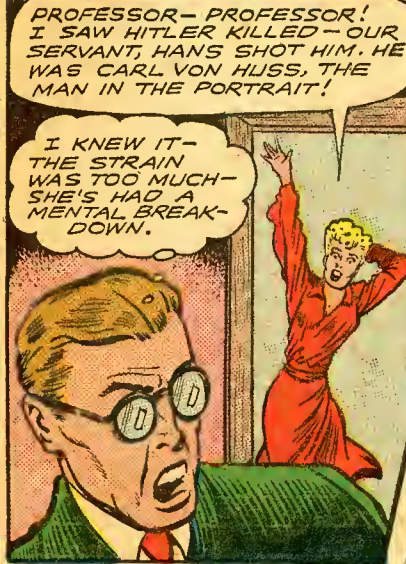
YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I HAVE KILLED ALL MY LIFE FOR HIM, AND NOW HE WOULD START IT ALL OVER AGAIN, BUT HE WON'T!



HOLD HIM, KONRAD—HE'S GOT A BOMB IN THE OTHER HAND!



I'M FREE—THEY'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME. IT'S MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE—THOSE STAIRS!



PROFESSOR—PROFESSOR! I SAW HITLER KILLED—OUR SERVANT, HANS SHOT HIM. HE WAS CARL VON HUSS, THE MAN IN THE PORTRAIT!

I KNEW IT—THE STRAIN WAS TOO MUCH—SHE'S HAD A MENTAL BREAK-DOWN.



IT'S TRUE, PROFESSOR—AND HE'S GOING TO KILL HIMSELF AND THE OTHERS.



HUSH, JULIA, I'M GOING TO SEND YOU BACK TO AMERICA. LISTEN—AN EXPLOSION DOWNSTAIRS. PERHAPS IT WAS A BOMB AND HER STORY REALLY DID HAPPEN!

GHOST GALLERY IN EVERY ISSUE OF  
**JUMBO Comics!**



# HAVE FUN! GET LAUGHS.. AMAZE FRIENDS



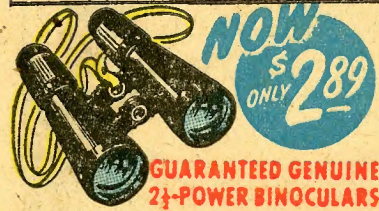
## So-Called ELECTRIC JOY BUZZER

Tickles and seems to shock them. The Joy Buzzer can be concealed in the palm of your hand after slipping a ring over one of your fingers. When you shake hands with anyone they touch off a mechanism that causes it to tickle, while to some seems like a shocking sensation. Only 69c. Order by No. 669.

## POCKET ADDING MACHINE

**Amazing New Midget ADDING MACHINE**  
FITS VEST POCKET

Adds, Divides, Subtracts, Multiplies—So Simple, So Easy to Use! Does work of higher priced adding machines. Durable handsome leatherette case. Send for MIDGET ADDING MACHINE. On arrival, pay postman only \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Test 10 days, and if you don't say it's the greatest bargain ever, return for MONEY BACK. See address below. Order by No. 141



**GUARANTEED GENUINE 2½-POWER BINOCULARS**

Have a close-up view of far-off events with these sensationally low-priced, all purpose, lite-weight, heavy duty, plastic binoculars. (Neck-strap with each pair.) TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK and be amazed at their power and beauty or refund guaranteed. SEND NO MONEY—pay postman \$2.89 plus 20% Federal tax and postage or enclose \$2.89 plus tax and wa pay postage. DON'T WAIT—SUPPLY IS LIMITED—DEMAND IS GREAT. RUSH YOUR ORDER

## COMB-A-TRIM

Something new! Trim your hair just like you comb your hair! Also removes hair from legs, arms, etc. Save on hair-cuts. Trim your own hair and family's too! Only 89c. Order by No. 534.

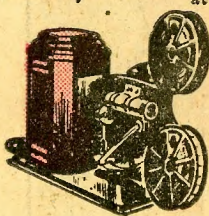


## NOW BROADCAST IN YOUR HOME WITH THIS AMAZING RADIO "MIKE"

Sensational new invention attaches to your radio. Speak into Mike and your own voice comes through the speaker, as if you were broadcasting! Astound your friends as your voice comes over the "air". No one can tell the difference unless you give the joke away! Amazing "MIKE" looks just like a real microphone. Get one today! Just \$1.49. Order by number, No. 641.

## 16MM MOVIE PROJECTOR

*Hand Operated*



Show your own movies at home. Easy to use.

Safe, 100-foot film capacity. Uses regular home type electric light bulb. Wide choice film available. Use order coupon. Only \$7.95. No. 808.

## LIARS MEDALS BARRELS OF FUN

Man, hang this medal on your friends! Be president of your local Liars Club! When stories end "you tell," you'll convince everybody with laughter when you pin on the medal. Only 25c. Order by No. 342.



## SQUIRT RING

Sure fire joke to play on your friends! Mention your new ring and as they look closely—squirt stream of water in their face! So real, so innocent looking they never suspect. Only 69c. No. 609.



## AMAZING NEW "TOGETHER" LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP RING

A beautiful emblem of love, friendship and good wishes. This ring is sterling silver; which becomes more attractive as it is worn. The hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated.

Send no money now, just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately. You pay postman only \$2.49 plus a few cents postage, and tax on arrival. SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK.

## LEARN to DANCE

Why be a lonely, unpopular wallflower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to old favorites at home—in private without teacher, music or partner. So easy even a child can learn quickly. This book should teach you in five days—or no cost. See order coupon. Only \$1.00.



## DRIBBLE GLASS

Make your drinking friends drool! Looks just like ordinary glass until tipped. Water dribbles through slits in side! No one can detect it! Roaring laughs every time! No. 582, just 49c.



## American Rangers... MACHINE GUN

This amazing new gun looks and makes a noise like a real machine gun. 25 in. long. Completely SAFE. An outstanding buy that will make every real boy, happy. Only \$3.98. No. 980.



## AMAZING Beautiful HORSE-SHOE RING

Meal! This handsome ring, hand made, hand engraving, inlaid with simulated pearl, is a knockout! Metal is guaranteed for twenty years. Supply is limited. Rush your order. Send no money. Price only \$2.98 plus Excise tax and postage. Order by No. 200.

## Now Play this New HARMONICA in 15 Minutes OR MONEY BACK



You Can Now Get This Brand New Golden-Tone Harmonica PLUS Simplified Course of Instruction that Quickly Teaches You to Play Song Hits of Every Kind for only \$1.49.

If you can hum a tune you can learn to play. Not a toy, but a real musical instrument. Order No. 824.

## Amazing MAGIC PENCIL



Get the right answer every time! Mistakes are impossible with this handy new invention! Divides up to 144, multiplies any primary number in a flash. Fits conveniently on pencil. Send no money—on arrival pay postman just 49c plus postage. Check No. 593 on coupon!



**MARRIAGE LICENSE FOOLER** Fill in the names and have a lot of fun fooling your friends, and "kidding" them. It's a simulated printed Marriage License, one of the usual genuine licenses. Price only 15c. Ask for Marriage License Fooler. Order by No. 162.



## CRAZY MIRROR

Hilarious new novelty! Distorts face into amazing shapes! Gets more laughs than anything you've ever seen. Makes new friends, amuses old! Get one today. Just 29c. Check No. 564 on coupon below.

## HOW TO ORDER

Simply state item desired and price and mail your order to HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 945 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. If cash comes with order, we pay postage; if C.O.D. postage is extra. Every item is fully guaranteed and may be returned in 10 days for refund if not satisfied. If you only want a FREE CATALOG, write name and address on a penny postcard.

HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 945  
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me the items I have checked below:

<input type="checkbox"/> 669 JOY BUZZER.....	.69
<input type="checkbox"/> 141 MIDGET ADDING MACHINE..	3.98
<input type="checkbox"/> 716 BINOCULARS.....	2.89
<input type="checkbox"/> 534 COMB-A-TRIM.....	.89
<input type="checkbox"/> 641 RADIO MIKE.....	1.49
<input type="checkbox"/> 808 HAND OPERATED PROJECTOR	7.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 142 LIARS MEDAL.....	.25
<input type="checkbox"/> 609 SQUIRT RING.....	.69
<input type="checkbox"/> 522 FRIENDSHIP RING.....	2.49
<input type="checkbox"/> 117 LEARN TO DANCE.....	1.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 582 DRIBBLE GLASS.....	.49
<input type="checkbox"/> 980 MACHINE GUN.....	3.98
<input type="checkbox"/> 200 HORSESHOE RING.....	2.98
<input type="checkbox"/> 624 HARMONICA.....	1.49
<input type="checkbox"/> 593 MAGIC PENCIL.....	.49
<input type="checkbox"/> 162 MARRIAGE LICENSE FOOLER..	.15
<input type="checkbox"/> 564 CRAZY MIRROR.....	.29

Due to labor conditions it is impossible to handle orders that total less than \$1.00—no please make certain your order amounts to at least \$1.00.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

USE THIS SPECIAL ORDER BLANK ➡



*Sensational Offer to Flower Lovers!*

# 100 FAMOUS MICHIGAN RAINBOW MIX GLADIOLUS

100  
BULBS  
\$1.69

**ASTOUNDING**

**Get Acquainted OFFER**

**D**OZENS of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment... flaming red, yellow, purple and blue Gladiolus for the remarkable low cost of less than 2c per bulb. Our prize selection of 2-year-old bulbs now ready for many years of flowering... 1½" to 2¼" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. By simply mailing the coupon below you can make your garden the envy of your neighbors with a gorgeous riot of beautiful color. Send coupon TODAY.

## EXTRA—3 TUBEROSES

A real bargain in Gladiolus, yes! But that isn't all! For prompt ordering we will give you 3 Tuberoses without additional charge. These flower into beautiful waxy-white blooms on spikes 2 to 3 feet tall, and are extremely fragrant. Just mail your order and get these gift bulbs.

## SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

Your Gladiolus Bulbs and Gift Tuberoses will be sent you by return mail. Send no money... deposit only \$1.69 plus postage with postman on arrival with the distinct understanding that if you're not 100% thrilled with your bargain you need only to return your purchase for full refund! But don't wait... if you don't send in your order TODAY, you may be too late! Mail coupon now!

## OTHER WONDERFUL BARGAINS!

- **12 BEAUTIFUL YOUNG EVERGREENS . . . \$1.98**  
Order the stately Evergreens that grow everywhere in the United States. Each tree 2 years or older. Certified by the Dept. of Agriculture.
- **THRILLING CUSHION MUMS—10 PLANTS . . \$1.69**  
Vigorous. Young. Healthy . . . grow anywhere. Will produce hundreds of flowers. Ten assorted colors—Stunning! Exciting! Order promptly and receive your EXTRA bonus.

**EXTRA.....with above orders:**

**3 RARE RANUNCULUS BULBS!**

## SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

Michigan Bulb Co., Dept. GG-1512 Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

Send orders checked below. I will pay postman amount of order on arrival, plus postage on guarantee that I must be fully satisfied or may return for refund (cash with order, Michigan Bulb pays postage).

- ☐ 100 Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses EXTRA . . . \$1.69
- ☐ 100 Growers Choice Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses . . \$1.94
- ☐ 100 Exhibition Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses . . \$2.98
- ☐ 12 Canna Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses EXTRA . . . \$1.69
- ☐ 20 Lily Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA . . \$1.94
- ☐ 6 Dahlia Roots with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA . . \$1.94
- ☐ 55 Perennial Plants—11 Popular Varieties . . . \$1.94
- ☐ 12 Evergreens with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA . . \$1.98
- ☐ 10 Cushion Mum Plants with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs . . \$1.69
- ☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage
- ☐ Payment herewith Michigan Bulb to pay postage

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... Zone.....  
State.....

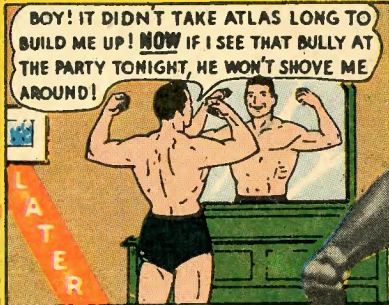
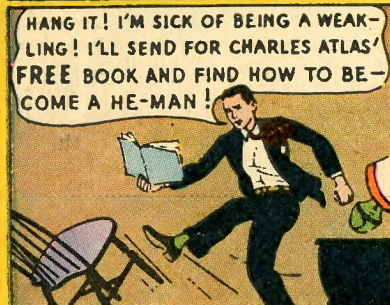
This is a painting of typical American gladiolus by a well-known artist. However, it is not necessarily intended to portray the gladiolus developed from the bulblets advertised here, but merely to illustrate the beauty gladiolus can bring to your garden.

**SEND NOW TO MICHIGAN BULB CO.**  
DEPT. GG-1512 GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICHIGAN





# HOW "JACK THE WEAKLING" SLAUGHTERED THE "DANCE-FLOOR HOG"!



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will

notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, brighter eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept: 236C,  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 236C,  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. ....State.....  
(if any)



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